

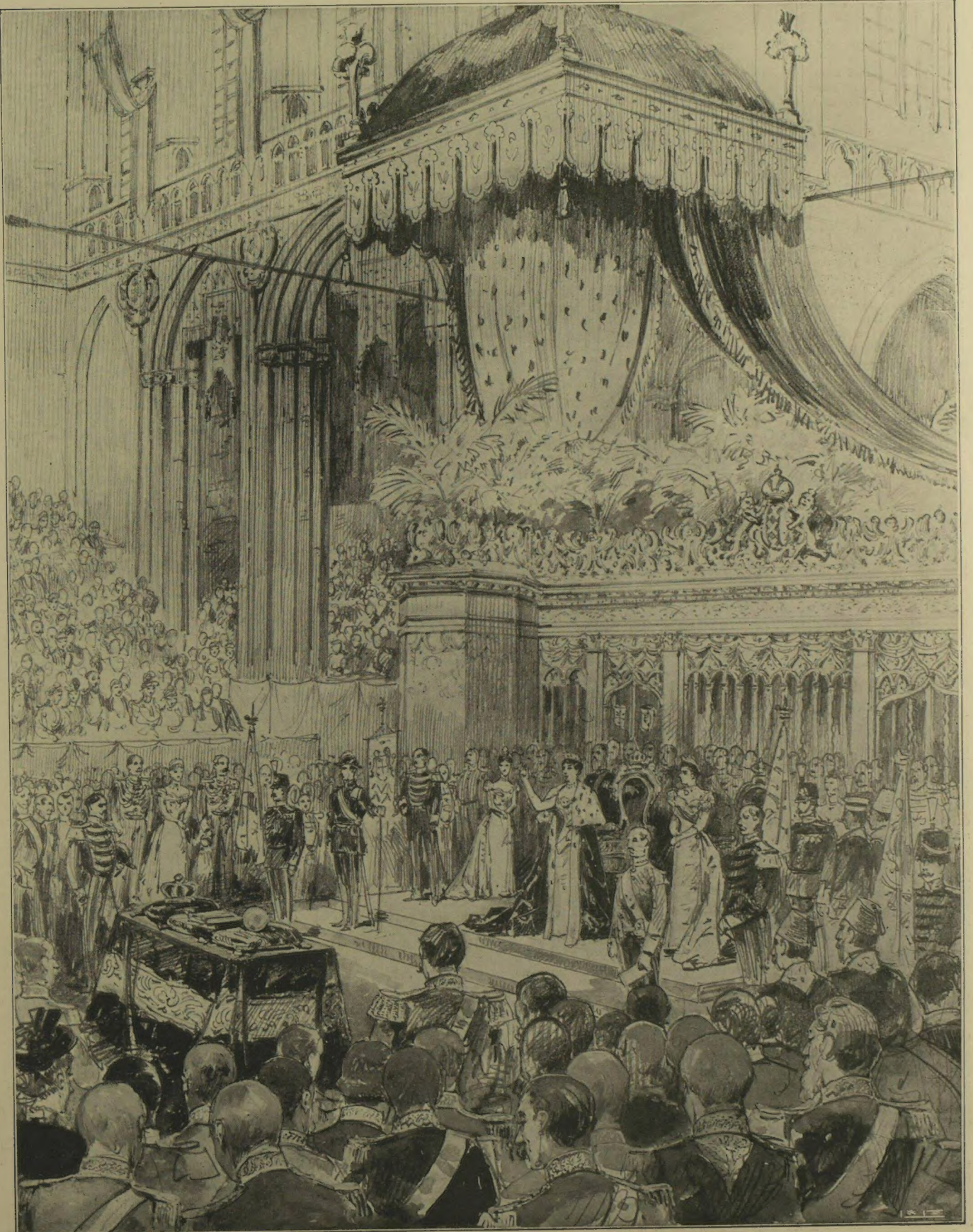
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE CROWNING OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND: HER MAJESTY TAKING THE OATH.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS, W. L. DRUCKMAN AND MELTON PRIOR.

*In the Nieuwe Kerk, Amsterdam, the inaugural ceremony was performed on Sept. 6, when Queen Wilhelmina solemnly assumed the reins of government and received the loyal oaths of the States General.*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

What is the fascination of mountaineering when the papers are full of fatal accidents in the Alps? I put this question to a friend who is a great climber, and hail-fellow-met-met with some of the haughtiest of Alpine peaks. At that moment we were sitting in a plainly furnished room in a newspaper office, and he was deep in an article on the water-supply at the East-End. "Fascination!" he exclaimed, throwing down his pen as a smile of heavenward rapture illuminated a countenance which, in the ordinary wear and tear of life, is not celestial. Then, bounding from his chair, he flung the door wide open, and with his back against one post and his feet against the other, began a series of exercises which greatly surprised the affable familiar demon who came at that juncture with a message from the printer. "Fascination!" repeated the mountaineer, wiping his brow and glancing at the ceiling, "I always go through the doorway gymnastics when anybody speaks of mountains. Had you mentioned them in the country now I should have made for the nearest trees. With a couple of trees I can keep myself in excellent training for the rock chimney—you know it—the pleasant funnel in the mountains which you glide up with that beautiful action of the back and feet I have just shown you. I remember that in Wales last year there was a rock about as big as a house just outside the inn, and I used to climb that a different way every morning, chiefly with the hands." He spread out his talons (I cannot call them fingers) with a sort of luxurious clutch.

He looked at the ceiling again. "Fascination! Ha! If this room were properly constructed, with a little rocky ornamentation of the cornices, and a gentle slope in the walls—have you noticed how absurdly inconvenient most rooms are nowadays?—I could work my way round the ceiling. That is really the best trick for indoor training. I was left alone in a drawing-room for twenty minutes the other day, and when my hostess came in I was dangling in the air just over a table covered with bric-à-brac. The silly woman cried out, 'Good heavens, an acrobat!' and, of course, I came down heavily and smashed everything. I told her it was really her fault; for to call an Alpinist an acrobat is the worst insult you can offer him!" The celestial glow passed away from his features, and he returned doggedly to the water-supply. Still, I do not understand this fascination of taking your life in your hands on the mountains. I have followed a sheep-track up the gentle Sculthorn, and run all the way down Pilatus to catch the steamer. I know what ecstasy there is in Swiss champagne when you reach the mountain-top (no bleak rock in the sky, but one of those reasonable altitudes which possess hotels), and how poor and thin that beverage becomes when you taste it at home. Oh, those cheap and simple wines which we quaff with rapture abroad but cannot drink in our postal district! Hail to thee, Barseac, rare Barseac at Bordeaux, where I drank a second bottle (at eighteenpence) and lost my train! Often have I drunk Barseac since with the eager zeal of the student who has had a glorious vision once and fain would woo it back again; but, alas! there is no magic in the eighteenpenny wines of this London!

My mountaineering friend looked grave when I put to him that nice ethical point about the cutting of the rope. Of two climbers roped together, one slips over a precipice and the other remains on the brink, strong enough to save himself but not to save his companion. What is he to do in this horrible dilemma? Perhaps the man below him is his brother, or his dearest friend, who cries to him, "I am lost, but you need not die! Cut the rope!" Is it his duty to resist that appeal? Shall he hold on manfully for a while, and see whether help comes? It is very cold; a paralysing numbness is stealing through his limbs. Suppose he loses consciousness and slips over the edge of the abyss. Two lives will be sacrificed then when one might have been spared. But is it better to die with his brother than to cut off that life which now hangs by a thread? Fate might have settled this problem for both, but now she thrusts the shears into his hand and bids him choose. Is there any agony of mind to compare with this? His thoughts wander homewards, and he sees that family circle to which, if he survive, he must return and tell how his brother perished. He sees his mother with a blanched face and a strange, startled look in her eyes when he comes to the cutting of the rope. Will he have the courage to tell her that it was cut, or will he say that the strain was too great and it broke? And will that unspoken question leave her eyes and sink into her heart? How can a mother's heart answer that question—whether she would have been less sorely stricken by the loss of both her sons than by the recovery of one who had saved his own life by his brother's death?

There is a terrible story of Guy de Maupassant's, in which two men are left in charge of an Alpine hut during the winter. One of them goes out and never returns. He has slipped down a crevasse, and his companion hears a despairing cry of "Uhrlich!" He is bewildered, makes a spasmodic and ineffectual search, then shuts himself up

in the hut, where he is haunted all night by the same cry. When day comes his nerves are broken; he taxes himself with a crime: he has left this man to perish miserably. At night his imagination hears the cry again—"Uhrlich! Uhrlich!" It is now a cry of reproach, and even of menace. He fancies that the ghost of the dead is trying to enter the hut. There is a dog which has slipped out unobserved, and when it comes whining and scratching at the door, Uhrlich, now mad, believes it is the ghost. The days pass, the whining ceases, the dog is dead of cold and starvation. The man never stirs out again, but broods and drinks and hears the awful threatening cry of "Uhrlich!" Early in the spring his employer and his employer's daughter, whom he loves, reach the hut. There is no answer to the knocking; the door is burst open, and there stands a gibbering, alcoholic madman with white hair!... I don't recall this story merely to make the reader's flesh creep; but there is a dreadful humanity in the terror of it, which might come home to the man on the edge of the abyss with his brother a few feet nearer to eternity.

Even the clubman who is lingering in town cannot take his responsibilities lightly. At this time of year I dread the inquisition of a certain lady from the country who is privileged by domestic ties to cross-examine me about the familiar things of London. A man who dwells in clubland has no excuse for not knowing the names of all the clubs which spread their architectural magnificence in Pall Mall and St. James's Street. I cannot for the life of me remember what is the club next door to my own, and as for the gorgeous piles down both sides of the street, they might be temples of Memnon and Osiris for aught I know to the contrary. The other day I remembered that the annual inquisition was due, and I had a hasty impulse to rush into one club after another and say to the hall-porter, "Would you be so good as to tell me the name of this club?" There is a young relative of mine coming up to town to-morrow, and if I can't tell her who you are, she will arch her eyebrows at my ignorance. Perhaps you don't know the peculiar effect of arched eyebrows from the country, but I can assure you they are not triumphal arches for me! And if you had to see them year after year—"But my courage failed me. It requires some nerve to ask questions of the hall-porter in one's own club. But to accost this official when he is a perfect stranger under a strange roof—no, I am not man enough!"

In this predicament there was nothing for it but to fall back on more or less apocryphal tales to distract the inquisitor's attention from my usual chaos of mind. "Well," said she, as we passed a noble portico, "and what club is that?" "Dear, dear!" I said, tapping a crumpled forehead, "the name has slipped my memory just for the instant. But I can tell you a capital story about that club." "This won't do!" she interrupted. "First, I must know its name." "My dear child, I beg you to keep those eyebrows down. They give me sleepless nights. I can't remember the name unless I tell the story. There was once a distinguished young bard, now dead, who was turned out of his club where he neglected to pay his subscription. Accompanied by a big stick, he entered that noble portico, seated himself in the smoking-room, put his feet on the table, and placidly read an evening paper. Members stared aghast at his boots and the stick, and sent for the committee. The committee approached him deferentially and remarked, 'So sorry to disturb you, but we are under the impression that you are not a member here!' He smiled on them sweetly and said, 'Very true, and very neatly put. But the fact is I have been turned out of my club, and, hang it all, gentlemen, a man must have some club!' This reasoning, or the stick, was deemed conclusive, and he was left to finish his paper in peace." "And the name of the club?" "Eh! Oh, yes! But what do you think of the story?" "Oh, I thought it was not bad the year before last, but you don't tell it so well now!"

This was discouraging; but I took heart as we approached the Breezy Battle-Flags and the United Surplises, which, as everybody knows, face each other in Pall Mall. It was now five in the afternoon, when all kindred souls refresh themselves with tea. "Look," I said, "at that window of the Breezy Battle-Flags and you will see a venerable warrior with white whiskers waving his hand—no, not to you, but towards a window of the United Surplises where stands an aged divine, who—look at him—is waving his hand in return. Ah! my child, you little know the heartlessness of this great city! Those old gentlemen have been bosom friends from boyhood. One of them has mowed down his country's foes in battle, and the other has mowed down heresies in sermons. Well, by the rules of their respective clubs they cannot ask each other to tea. Ah! you may well look grieved. No stranger can have a meal at the United Surplises, and at the Breezy Battle-Flags he would be received by a charge of grape-shot. So Damon and Pythias—but look! here comes Damon, and there is Pythias hastening to greet him." The two met in the middle of the street, shook hands heartily, and went off arm and arm. "Oh! where are they going, poor, dear old things?" cried the inquisitor, with a tear trembling on one eyelid. "To the nearest aerated bread shop," I said mournfully. She was silent, and the eyebrows arched no more.

## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, who arrived at Balmoral on Thursday, Sept. 1, between two and three in the afternoon, is accompanied there by the Duchess of Albany, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Leiningen, Princess Aribert of Anhalt, and several of the children of their Royal Highnesses. The Right Hon. G. N. Curzon, appointed Viceroy of India, arrived on Saturday as a guest of the Queen.

The Prince of Wales, returning in the royal yacht *Osborne* from Torbay and South Devon, arrived at Cowes on Saturday evening, and will stay on board the yacht for some days while slowly recovering the use of his feet. The Duke and Duchess of York, with their infant children, arrived at Copenhagen on Friday, to join the Princess of Wales and the royal family of Denmark in the family celebration of the Queen of Denmark's birthday.

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein was last week staying at Farnham Castle on a visit to the Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. Randall Davidson.

The birthday of the young Dutch Queen Wilhelmina, on Wednesday, Aug. 31, was celebrated by the Dutch residents in London with a special religious service at their ancient church in Austin Friars, which has been in their possession since the time of the Protestant Reformation. The minister, the Rev. A. D. Adama van Schellema, conducted this service, and there was a numerous congregation, including the Dutch Ambassador, Baron Goltstein van Oldenaller, and Mr. H. J. Maas, the Consul-General. The interior of the fine old Gothic church, originally that of a grand abbey, was decorated with palms and ferns.

The Trades Union Congress at Bristol closed its sittings on Saturday, presided over by Mr. J. O'Grady. Its meeting on Sept. 1 was somewhat disturbed by the fire at the Colston Hall, in which the minutes of proceedings and other papers were destroyed. Resolutions were passed asking for extensions and amendments of the Workshops and Factories Acts; the prohibition of steaming in weaving-sheds; the abolition of all labour of children under fourteen years of age beyond four hours a day, and of nightwork for those under the age of eighteen; and legal enforcement of compulsory arbitration in trade disputes.

On Tuesday the memorial tower erected on Brandon Hill, Bristol, in honour of John Cabot and Sebastian Cabot, merchants and navigators in the early years of North American maritime discovery, was opened by Lord Dufferin, with an interesting ceremony and an eloquent speech, the more appropriately since his Lordship has been Governor-General of Canada, the land first seen by Cabot in 1497. The Mayor of Bristol, Sir Robert Symes, accompanied Lord Dufferin upon this occasion, and there was a banquet in the evening.

The city of Bristol has suffered a loss to be regretted for some time, by the destruction of the larger Colston Hall in the fire last week; but its preparations to receive the Congress of the British Association of Science, in the Victoria Rooms, at the Museum, at University College, at the Fine Arts Academy, and in other convenient places, will be all that can be desired.

The scarcity of water in East London is still distressing. The directors of the East London Waterworks Company have further reduced their daily supply to four hours; that is to say, two services in the day, each time for two hours. This measure saves rather less than one million gallons a day.

The Russian Emperor's benevolent proposal of a conference to agree upon the reduction of huge military establishments, which exhaust the economic resources of great European nations, continues to be much discussed by foreign journalists. It is stated also that Denmark and one or two of the other less powerful States which cannot entertain ambitious ideas of self-aggrandisement, and which have long ago renounced all thoughts of forcibly regaining whatever they may have lost, already signify their assent to the projected act of mutual confidence in a general pledge for pacific behaviour. These minor States would at least find an opportunity of asking for guarantees that their own neutrality may be respected in case of any possible future Continental wars.

The Czar held a grand naval review of the Black Sea squadron at Sebastopol on Friday.

Spain is taking the necessary steps to a legislative confirmation, by the Cortes at Madrid reassembled on Monday, of the treaty of peace with America. A Bill authorising the Crown to surrender its colonial dominions of Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines was laid before the Cortes by Señor Sagasta, the Prime Minister, and is being discussed in secret session.

Very alarming disorders have again broken out in Crete, at the town of Candia, where the Mussulman inhabitants forcibly oppose the transfer of the tax-offices to the control of the foreign Powers. They set fire to buildings in several parts of the town on Tuesday, resisted the guard of British soldiers, or Marines, who attempted, by orders of the Consul, to disperse the rioters, and in the fighting several persons were killed.

An international Congress to discuss a code of regulations for sea-fisheries has been held at Dieppe, attended by British, French, Belgian, Norwegian, Danish, Russian, and American delegates. The question of trawling has been especially debated.

The German Emperor has been inspecting and reviewing the Westphalia Division of his Army; and in a speech to the troops on Monday, handsomely alluded to the victory won by the British and Egyptian soldiers on the banks of the Nile, and to the recovery of Khartoum by Sir Herbert Kitchener's Expedition.

On the Delaware and Hudson Railway, in America, an express train with passengers to Montreal, on Monday evening, was wrecked by collision with a trolley-wagon, and eighteen persons were killed. Ten others are so badly injured that it is scarcely expected they will live.







# THE CROWNING OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

*Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Melton Prior.*

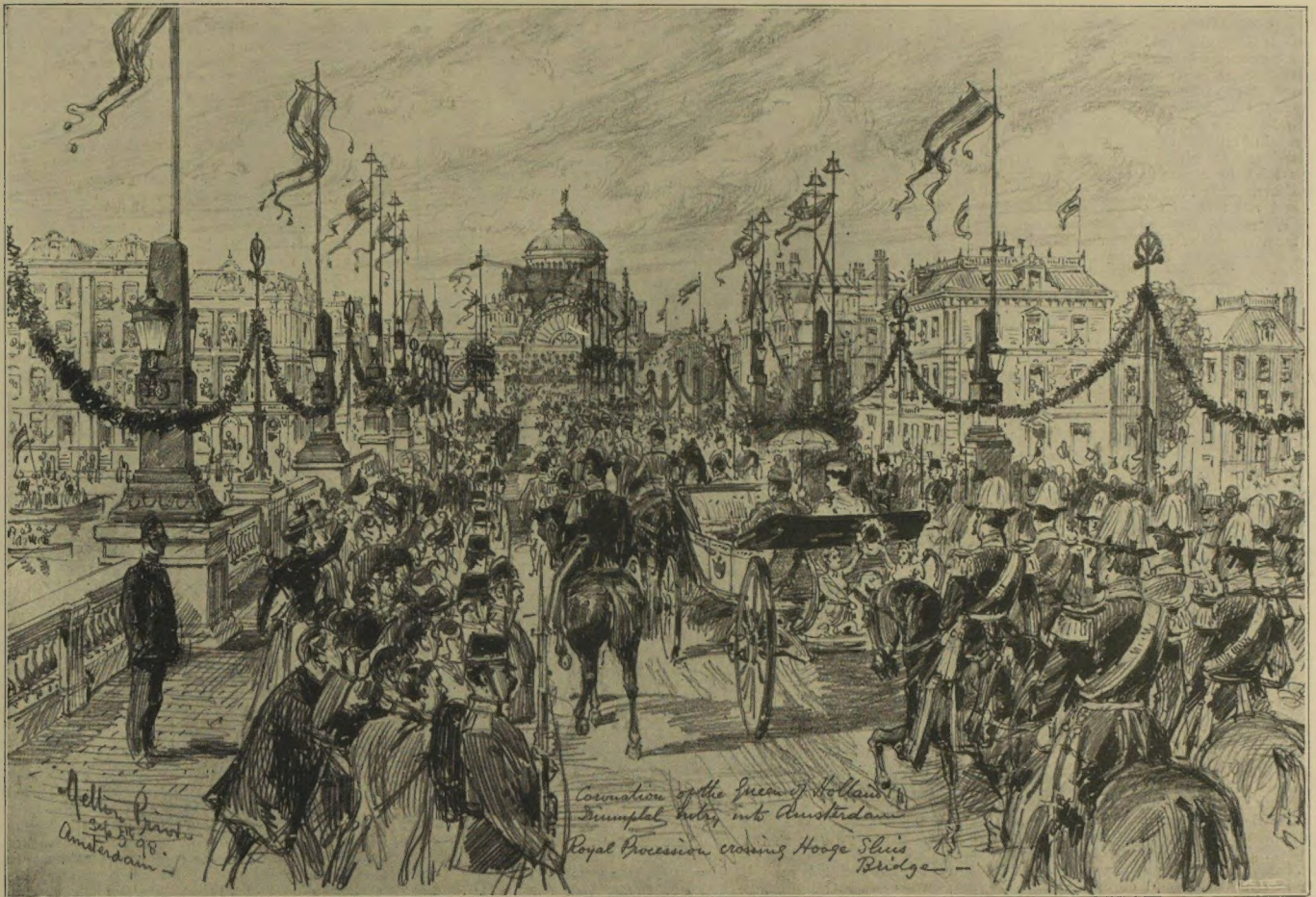


*Coronation of the Queen of Holland.  
Triumphal Procession down Utrecht Street,  
Amsterdam —*



# THE CROWNING OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

Facsimile Sketches by our Special Artist, M. Van P. r.



TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO AMSTERDAM: ROYAL PROCESSION CROSSING THE HOOZE SLUIS BRIDGE.



THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL: THE PROCESSION.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## L'AFFAIRE DREYFUS.

In the autumn of 1894 Colonel du Paty de Clam, of the French War Office, dictated to Captain Dreyfus, an Alsatian Jew, an important military document. Soon after another document, similar in its handwriting and contents, was found at one of the foreign Embassies. This was the notorious *bordereau*. Now for a considerable time the French authorities had been alarmed by the betrayal of military secrets. So, on the discovery of the *bordereau*, Dreyfus was arrested as the traitor. He was tried by a secret tribunal, consisting of seven officers. They reported to the authorities that they could not find him guilty on the *bordereau* alone. Whereupon the authorities put documents before them on which Dreyfus was found guilty,

and sentenced to be publicly degraded in front of the army, and then to be transported for life to the Ile du Diable. The degradation took place in the Court of Honour of the Ecole Militaire. The insignia of an officer were torn from his clothes, his sword was broken, and he was then paraded in



Photo Credit, Paris.  
M. CAVAIGNAC, EX-WAR MINISTER.

front of the men. He kept his head erect through it all, and cried "Vive la France!" at the end of it. His last words to his wife were: "In three years the Minister of War will order my case to be retried."

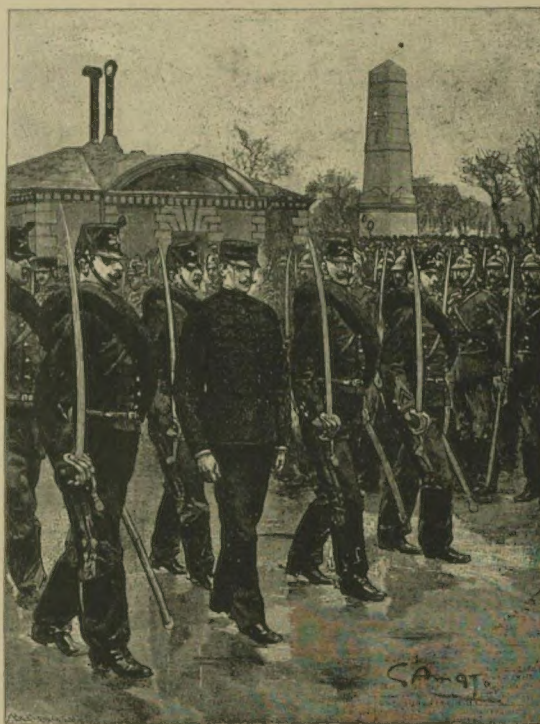
Meanwhile, two tendencies in France were making for a revision of the trial. Colonel Picquart, the head of the Intelligence Department, found that the leakage of information to foreign Powers still continued, and informed General Gonse that he was on the track of the real author of the *bordereau*. He was sent to Tunis on a dangerous mission in order to get rid of him. Then, M. Mathieu Dreyfus, the Captain's brother, electrified France by denouncing Major Esterhazy as the author of the *bordereau*. Esterhazy was acquitted by a military court on the ground that Dreyfus had been found guilty of writing the *bordereau*; it was a *chasse-jugée* and could not be reopened. Then M. Zola came upon the scene. In an open letter to the *Aurore*, headed "J'accuse," he held that the Court had acquitted Esterhazy "by order of the Government." He was immediately tried for libel. At his trial it came out that, contrary to the law of France, the documents on which Dreyfus was convicted had not been shown to his counsel; so that, whether guilty or innocent, he was illegally condemned. But the Military Staff produced a supplementary document in Court, which, said they, "infallibly proves his guilt." Picquart denounced this as a forgery, for which he was ordered into arrest by M. Cavaignac, the Minister of War. But Cavaignac's own suspicions were aroused, and he interrogated Colonel Henry, Picquart's successor, who had procured the supplementary document. Henry was forced to confess that he had forged it! Thus every proof of Dreyfus's guilt known to the public has been discredited. Hence the demand for revision.

## THE ANGLO-GERMAN AGREEMENT.

Not a little interest has been excited by the frequent conferences at the Foreign Office between Mr. Balfour and Count Hatzfeldt. These are supposed to bear upon some new development in the relations between Great Britain and Germany. It is affirmed, indeed, that an actual treaty has been signed—not an offensive and defensive treaty which would bind England to the Triple Alliance, but an agreement which will enable the two countries to act in concert in the Far East. There is to be no readjustment of the map, and the speculation that England has given Germany a free hand in Asia Minor is more original than rational. The treaty appears to be exclusively commercial, and according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, its practical outcome will be the construction of an Anglo-German railway from Tientsin to Chin-Kiang. England is to support German claims for railway concessions in Shantung, which is under German influence, and Germany is to support the corresponding British claims in the Yangtse Valley, which is under British influence. This will materially affect our relations with Germany.

## THE YOUNG QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

The impressive ceremony of enthroning in the Nieuwe Kerk at Amsterdam, Wilhelmina, the Queen of "Nederland," the first female Sovereign of that kingdom, was duly performed on Tuesday last; she had come of age on Wednesday, Aug. 31, her eighteenth birthday, when she met the Council of State at the Hague, which city is



THE DEGRADATION OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS: MARCHING THE PRISONER TO THE "PARADE D'EXECUTION," JAN. 5, 1895.

the political capital. Her Majesty, accompanied by her mother, Queen Emma, widow of the late King William III., who died in 1890, arrived in Amsterdam on Monday, and occupied the Royal Palace, a stately building without any garden or park, originally the Town Hall, in the business centre of that commercial city, and close to the Exchange, as well as to the Nieuwe Kerk. The young Queen, of course, was greeted with hearty popular acclamations, and with formal address of homage by official dignitaries.

## DISASTER ON THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

On Friday evening, Sept. 2, a terrible accident to the Manchester express train of the Midland line, which leaves London at a quarter-past seven, took place at the Wellingborough station by the train, running through at its



THE BREAKING OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS'S SWORD IN THE COURT OF L'ECOLE MILITAIRE, JAN. 5, 1895.

highest speed, coming into collision with a trolley or light porter's truck, which had improperly got upon the line, after three little boys had been playing with it. They were employed by local newspaper vendors, and, waiting at the station, amused themselves by riding on this trolley, which fell off the platform just when the express train was coming. The engine-driver and the fireman and four passengers, two of them women, belonging to Leicester and Derby, were killed, and about thirty other persons were hurt, some having their limbs fractured. An official inquiry was commenced on Monday by Lieutenant-Colonel Yorke, one of the Inspectors for the Board of Trade.

## THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

## CAPTURE OF KHARTOUM AND OMDURMAN.

Khartoum, where Gordon died in January 1885, and which was left by Lord Wolseley's Relief Expedition in that year in the possession of the Mahdi, has at length been recovered to the dominion of the Khedive of Egypt. The fanatical followers of the Khalifa, the Mahdi's successor, a cruel and licentious tyrant, were on Friday, Sept. 2, utterly defeated. Omdurman, the fortress and capital of the Khalifa, as well as the neighbouring city of Khartoum, formerly the central mart of trade in the Soudan, was immediately occupied by the combined British and Egyptian forces, under command of Sir Herbert Kitchener. These forces, altogether making an army of 23,000 men, were on the Friday morning encamped at Agaiza, to the south of the Soudanese native town of Kerri, on the left or west bank of the Nile, and six miles north of Omdurman, which was clearly in view before them.

On Friday morning, soon after seven o'clock, the enemy in full force came over a rocky ridge, very suddenly, and began to attack the camp; at first on its left flank, where their fierce onslaught was repelled by the crushing fire of the British troops, the Grenadier Guards, the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, the Lancashire and Northumberland Fusiliers, with a Maxim battery manned by Royal Irish Fusiliers. After a quarter of an hour, the enemy's attack shifted to the centre. Here the Dervishes, foot and horse, made desperate charges, but in vain; they were half surrounded by the British troops. At a quarter-past eleven in the forenoon Sir Herbert Kitchener ordered a general advance; and while the cavalry cut off the retreat of the enemy to Omdurman, a



Photo Credit, Paris.  
THE LATE COLONEL HENRY.

pursuit was commenced, driving the fugitives away into the desert. In this battle twenty-three of our countrymen, of whom nineteen belonged to the 21st Lancers, were killed and ninety-nine wounded; of the Egyptians, some two hundred. It is believed that eight or ten thousand of the enemy were slain. The Khalifa escaped with a small party of his followers; he would try to get into Kordofan, a country west of the Nile above Khartoum. He is pursued by a number of Arabs mounted on swift camels. Omdurman, a very large town, surrounded with strong walls and forts, was entered and traversed without any resistance between two and three in the afternoon. The British and Egyptian flags were hoisted over the ruined Government Palace at Khartoum, and a memorial English religious service was performed on Sunday at the place where Gordon died. A hundred and fifty of the Khalifa's prisoners, including European missionaries and merchants, have been released.

## ARMY MANOEUVRES.

The military operations in Wiltshire, where more than fifty thousand of our troops, in two opposing forces, are working out problems of strategy and marching drill over a tract of country hitherto unfamiliar to the majority of soldiers, have been proceeding from day to day. It is in the neighbourhood of Shaftesbury that these movements have chiefly taken place. Some details of the land transport service and other incidental arrangements are shown in our illustrations. The general idea of the campaign was that two invading forces (Blue) had landed on the English shores, one near Weymouth, the other in the Bristol Channel, for a combined advance towards London, but without the use of the railways; and that their junction was opposed by the Duke of Connaught's force (Red), drawn from the Aldershot Division of troops, and occupying the country for twenty miles around Salisbury. On Wednesday, August 31, the southern position of the Red Army at Blandford was attacked by Sir Redvers Buller's force marching from Dorchester, and in this first encounter the defending army, well posted and aided by powerful artillery, maintained its ground successfully. But the Blue Army, on Friday, gained possession of Shaftesbury, although it could not be retained, according to the rules officially prescribed. Its advance to join the allied force supposed to be moving from the Bristol Channel coast was thereby impeded, and the later actions were of a rather indecisive character.



# A Resurrection

by  
Maarten  
Maartens



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

so characteristic of the monotonous luxury. Fancy taking Harvey! He laughed, and drew forth both hands to rattle a quick tune on the glass.

Gradually, as he strolled to the great station that lies out in the fields and calls the swift city towards it, the

background the tall houses, their very stains a sudden recollection, wrote a silent welcome against the purple downpour of the farther sky.

"Your ticket!" cried an imperious voice behind him, with the twang of official Prussia. He recognised the ticket-collector, grown a good deal rounder, and grey. He was annoyed with himself for his annoyance that the recognition must remain one-sided. But the man need not have looked so obtrusively unconscious.

Yonder lay the great white Wilhelmsstrasse, broad, lofty, long. That the square hotels should remain the same was only natural, but he noticed with increasing pleasure the unaltered names above the shops. The whole

WALTER GOZLETT leant forward against the long hotel window, listlessly gazing down. His eyelids drooped, so did his whiskers and his shoulders. Without even removing a hand from a trousers pocket, he yawned.

Behind him waited the empty bed-room, with its flaring furniture and coarse lace curtains. He almost dreaded turning round to it, for fear of the lumpy shepherdess that simpered on the ornolu clock. But the yellow colonnade beneath him, which encircles the dead little courtyard-fountain, was not less empty or less uninteresting in the gloom of a sunken April sky.

A stupid place, this Frankfort! Stupid, like any big town whose familiar houses stare you in the face again, though you never knew a single soul inside them. Just a railway-station. Not really stupid, but a splendid city, in a splendid site. A stupid place.

Surely his wife, travelling up from the Italian lakes to rejoin him here, on their way to England, might have managed to avoid this twenty hours' delay! She always consulted her own convenience. Marring the pleasure of their reunion after his bachelor trip to the Balkans.

What did she imagine he could do with himself all day in a place like Frankfort? What would she have done? He glanced at the straight-backed crimson sofa. Lain on her bed with a yellow-back novel. He yawned again at the thought.

"I shall have to go to Wiesbaden after all," he said, "though, really, I don't know what I shall do when I get there." From the first, when they had brought him his wife's telegram in the bare hotel-entry, he had made up his mind to waste, here in the dull barrack, this wasted day. Yet he had remembered, with something like a shock, how close he was to the above-named health resort, just round a mountain corner. What was Wiesbaden to him? Well, a happy memory. At thirty we are chary of the brightnesses that lie embedded in our teens.

It was there he had spent the three last years of his growth into manhood, three years of hard work and honest play. He had never been near the place since, except in a flying express. He was very near it now, suddenly arrested. It hindered him.

He had dined at the table d'hôte, opposite two maiden ladies whose recollections of localities they had known before his birth had positively smelt of the graveyard. He detested mutual reminiscences. "It's like playing at ball with skulls," he said.

"So I suppose I may just as well go," he reflected, wearily staring down upon the yellow stucco. Three years of struggle with "Der, Die, Das," and technical preparation for "woods and forests"—constant hope and long endeavour—before the sudden change of this wealthy marriage, arranged by his mother—a marriage that had turned out happily enough, but for its all-pervading pleasure-seeking ennui.

He rang for his valet thoughtfully, and told him to inquire about trains. At this moment he shrank from the man's unchanged correctness, the monotonous "Yessir,"

tune settled down in his brain. It was "*Freut euch des Lebens!*" as he presently realised in the loud whirl of the platform. There is nothing that makes a silence around some men like continuous noise.

"*Freut euch des Lebens!*" A chorus that had taken his fancy, bellowed by a dozen youthful voices, as many years ago. Suddenly he saw himself, quite distinctly, driving with his mother and a mountain of shabby luggage up the red-hot Wilhelmsstrasse on their arrival at the little German town they had selected for their modest home, and he saw the troop of fair-haired shouting giants bursting from a side-walk of the green Kurgarten, in a glow of happy sunshine, noisy, altogether different, each man's warm-blooded heart on his sleeve. His mother had said, "Ugh!"

*Freut euch des Lebens!*  
While yet thy lamp burns high!  
Pluck, fool, the blossom,  
Swift, ere it die!

Silly words, and the "fool" his own gratuitous addition, out of all keeping, like the skeleton at a feast. The jingle had got mixed with the interminable bump of the carriages. He turned to the latest number of the *World*, which he had just picked off the bookstall. "Pallanza, I hear, was exceedingly gay last week. At the Grand Hotel, Lord and Lady Dover—the Countess looking wonderfully well, and as handsome as her newly married daughter, Lady Ermentrude Colvin—Jemima, Marchioness of Kesborough, Sir Henry and Lady Sinclair-Smith, the piquante Mrs. Gozlett—" He threw down the paper on the opposite seat. "Piquante!" He got on very well with his wife. Dear me, did she strike other people as "piquante"?

"Would you permit me to have a look at this?" asked an overdressed, fat Englishwoman, bending from a farther corner. And she added, as she turned the crackling pages, "I like to know what's going on among the Upper Ten!"

"Do you, really?" he answered quite savagely. Then he looked away, uncomfortable, straining against the window-pane, watching for familiar landmarks, as these rapidly thickened to the approaching town. "*Freut euch des Lebens!*" He would be delighted to see the old place again!

Wiesbaden. He leaped from the jerking carriage and ran forward. The slowly unravelling clouds had lightened high in air, letting fall three solid bars of silver across the gaudy jumble of waiting omnibuses and porters. In the

He turned to the window beside him and threw himself against it.

place was just as he had known it; he recognised it all again from top to bottom, and all the people at the doors and in the streets. It was quite homelike, quite like coming home, after twelve years, too—and in Germany!





Presently he knew the faces to be but pseudo-familiar. The crowd was the old crowd—in its dress, its many uniforms, its coloured pancake-caps—but the well-known countenances were those of strangers; and here, in the spreading Kurgarten, not green at this season of the year but gauntly expectant, he stood with every once companionable object brutally telling him that at Frankfort he had felt bored, but not consciously alone.

He shrugged his shoulders imperceptibly, his attention distracted by a couple of bright young girls and a laughing officer, who were entering a confectioner's shop. He remembered that this was the hour for confectioners' shops—the four o'clock coffee or chocolate. But surely that was not the right place to go to—a brand-new concern, all marble and gilt! He walked quickly away to the dark old Webergasse, to the dingy, low-browed *Conditoirei*, redolent of dead and gone dual glories. He had been here hundreds of times, with hundreds of friends—so it seemed to him; the ponderous old creature at the counter, in corkscrew curls, would certainly be able to recall him—Frau Schmitz—the young Engländer!

Well, yes, she did, with a little prompting. She had known so many young Engländer. She called him Mr. Jonas (after he had told her his name), and was unable to afford him much information about his quondam friends. But she brought him a tray, in the arrangement of which nothing was fresh, not even the cream, and he asked, as an afterthought, for the town-directory.

The very first name that turned uppermost in his memory stared back quietly at him from the printed page. He would have been disappointed not to find it there, yet he felt like rubbing his eyes.

"Von Kempen, Albrecht. O.G. Sonnenbergerstrasse 127."

The old address, just opposite the flat he had occupied with his mother. Max von Kempen, the son, had been his most intimate friend during those bright German years. How well he remembered the family: the lazy father, a connoisseur in beer; the jam-producing mother, the young Fräulein that played so well. He hunted for various other names, but without finding any of those he would really have cared to trace. He got up, delighted with the certainty of meeting the von Kempens.

"What does 'O.G.' stand for?" he asked the irresponsive shopwoman with resolute gaiety, "ohne Geld?" To his surprise she burst into irrational floods of merriment, rippling over in waves of recurrent enjoyment. "I shall remember you now," she said, the tears on her powdered cheeks—"Ohne Geld! How exceedingly witty! Ohne Geschäft, my dear Herr Jonas. Ach! but I shall always remember you now!"

He hurried up the slow climb of the handsome street, along the blank Kurgarten. He could hardly find patience to moderate his interest. It would be pleasant to see even only one of them, and hear about the others—about everyone. All that he required to feel in sympathy with the past was a look of recognition somewhere, an outstretched hand—

The father, in his everlasting dressing-gown—surely, if he was alive, he would be wearing it still! And the comfortable mother, and the sister of whom Max was so unreasonably proud. "Julia" her name was; "Julchen" the monsters had dubbed her; she had liked him for calling her "Juliet." He remembered her face perfectly—a dark face, and her lanky form, with its lazy charm of movement. She had not been at all pretty, really, now one calmly analysed the reminiscence; rather the reverse. He walked with graver steps, slowly recollecting how wildly he had admired her, and wondering why.

Suddenly the street, which his eye had been familiarly following, fell out of drawing—awry! For, the low little house he had been expecting, the house he had lived in with his querulous invalid mother, was gone—a great, yellow-brick public edifice, built over the big elm and the roses, protruded into the road. It weighed on his chest—he turned hastily from it to the Kempens' pretty villa, all unchanged in its outlines of chocolate paint and crimson window-blinds.

Waiting on the steps, with his hand on the new electric bell, he whistled softly. One of the parents he would certainly see, hardly Max. But he would hear about the dear old fellow; he had shamefully neglected him. How he would have enjoyed at this moment—had he been sure of his liver—a cool glass of beer with Max!

"Is the gracious lady at home?" he asked, and, as he spoke, an unknown name upon a china door-plate flashed into his face, disconcerting him utterly for the moment, while the unaccustomed gutturals collided in his speech. It was with a gasp of relief that he found himself alone in the drawing-room.

"As empty as ever," he thought with a smile, "not even a new book or a fresh antimacassar. People shouldn't hang up these dead faces on their walls; they stick in your brain till Doomsday." The whole framework, closing around him, no longer fitted; its angles poked him in the heart. He realised, with unlooked-for anger, the hateful perpetuity of inanimate things round the life that melts away.

He strode up and down the slippery parquet, wondering which of the old people would come in first. A lithograph of Heidelberg in the old man's student days hung where it had always hung. 1850. His youth was 1880. In 1880

the Rhine ran silver, and the sun among the pine-forests poured liquid gold. And every day the merry-go-round whirled for a penny a ride. A horrible thing is a merry-go-round. Well, he was a member of two clubs in St. James's Street, and his wife's movements were chronicled in the *World*.

Julchen—he remembered Julchen perfectly. He had been a man of few flirtations before his early marriage, but he had *geschwärm*t for his friend's sister, as in duty bound. *Geschwärm*t—that was the word. Everybody did it. She was very plain. What fools we are—when young!

The door opened, and she came in with outstretched hand and smiles of honest satisfaction. She was quite unaltered, like the room. Just so had he remembered her half an hour ago, as soon as he paused to remember her at all. The sallow complexion and mass of blue-black hair, and the delicate nostrils with their curve of settled disdain. And over her too tall figure that indescribable radiance which men call "grace."

A couple of years ago he had disputed, almost quarrelled, with an idiot in a club smoking-room, who had asserted that such a thing could not exist as a graceful German woman. He had grown impatient over the fellow's asinine insularity; some vague recollection of "Julchen" had propped his argument, as fresh ivy encircles a burnt-out oak.

"And your father?" he questioned, "I am to see him, am I not? I was so pleased to find his name in the 'Address-Book.'"

"My father is dead, Herr Gozlett," she answered; "he died five months ago. For him it was a happy release."

True, she was in mourning. Black hardly suited her. He found himself vainly striving for sympathy with the dead man's forgotten pains. He began hastily speaking of her mother. He had understood the maid-servant to say that Frau von Kempen was in?

"My mother was taken from us the year after you returned to England," she said hastily, and this time there was distinct annoyance in her tone. "I am mistress here now. You have neglected us long, Herr Gozlett; my brother has often regretted it. But you will find many things changed."

"Not you," he replied lamely, leaping away from the tragic-comedy of his blunders. He felt thoroughly out of place and regretted having come. She motioned him to a seat by the stove: he had always detested stoves.

"Yes, both my parents are dead," she continued, in the hush of an overworn bereavement. And then she began speaking of Max out in America, doing well, braced by hard work and a constant overflow of children; she got up, to show the portraits, telling the names.

He sat back in his chair and watched her. He had been mistaken; she was very greatly changed. At this moment, looking at the face which seemed just the same, he struggled to recognise it at all. There had been something, surely, the something which is everything; a something that he had honestly adored with boyish adoration, sung to in foolish verses, dreamed of by night and day. Calf-love! Who of us would not live his calf-love over again? Yes; twelve years ago he had *geschwärm*t for this stranger sitting by his side. The whole stream of his dead emotion came pouring past him; he stood aside, an annoyed observer. He recalled the silly incidents, here and there. Too bashful to speak, as others did, he had worshipped from afar, never betraying himself by a movement, much less by a word. Even at that wild carnival ball, when lips were meeting everywhere, he had only kissed her finger-tips. What on earth had he endured it all for? What on earth was he doing here, he who hated graveyard smells?

"So these are Max's children," he said, violently rousing himself; "they are very nice-looking children. There seem to be a great many of them. Isn't that rather hard on Max?"

"Are you a cynic still?" she answered sharply. "Dear me, I thought one outgrew that sort of thing. But I remember you always said you intended to remain a bachelor; you said it was easier."

"Oh, well, I am married now, at any rate," he said awkwardly, ashamed, somehow, before her, of a wife. "But then, you see, I haven't got any children." And he smiled, as men will when they speak of an overwhelming regret.

"Yes, I see," she retorted, and with a movement as if of protection, she swept the multitude of baby-faces towards her, in a muddle, on her lap.

He was not listening. He was thinking of that reckless masked ball, when they had laughed at him, and called him a coward for only kissing her finger-tips. The flash of a single diamond against the horrible red plush of a portrait-case drew down his eyes to those same finger-tips. Surely never woman in all creation possessed more beautiful hands! Strong, well-rounded from the narrow nails, the lines a continuous pleasure of symmetry, the clear skin alive with a play of golden-brown tints. When a girl, she had always shown them in varying curves; she was showing them now, unconsciously conscious, as a woman ought to be. And their fascination deepened upon him with all the strength of a recurrent day-dream. How had he sought in those old days the constant pleasure of an "unexpected" meeting, content that the length of his

weary wait should enhance the worth of the slowly approaching prize, immensely happy if, after endless machinations, the pressure of her fingers closed around his, ungloved!

Suddenly he laughed, and she said: "Yes, isn't it absurd of him?" but he knew not what, nor of whom. They were talking still, and he plied her with intelligent questions about Fritz and Heinz, and all the rest of them, anxious only for leisure to sink more remorselessly into the past. She sat close beside him, sufficiently interested, serenely courteous to her brother's former friend, preoccupied probably by some household detail. He had always known her thus: strong, self-possessed, selfish; her clear blue eyes and warm brown flesh filled with that calm self-confidence which holds weak hearts in bonds of iron. What had caused him to declare, quite recently, to somebody that the repose of an olive cheek could be insolent beyond any insolence on earth?

She was asking about his mother now, for form's sake, playing meanwhile with the lobe of her little brown ear. He answered quite lightly, laughing—still laughing—while his hands closed convulsively on the brim of his hat. But with all the strength of his eyes he was striving to drink in and retain for ever the charm of that presence whose only charm was itself. Silently it had seized him again, the power that had once enslaved him, pitiless, unwitting, irresistible. The charm of her every movement! The charm of her changeable pulses! The charm, above all, of her gracious disdain! She sat looking at him, seeing nothing, caring nothing. And he! What matter if the features he gazed on were not those of the sculptor's marble; the life of this woman, alone amongst all others, pierced his life with the agony of love.

He hated himself. "It is her indifference," he told himself blindly; yet he felt her to be very friendly. He hated her for the constant smile, about her lips alone. Heaven help the man who loves a woman's eyes *because* they are so cold.

"Yes, Max often said he would like to meet you again," she repeated, making conversation, now that subjects were growing thin. He started forward. "Oh, don't talk any more of Max!" he cried. Then, before her astonished stare: "I just mean," he continued hastily, "that I cannot bear to think of him away in the wilds of Michigan. I had made up my mind I should see him again!"

"Why?" she said; then, reverting to the stereotype flourishes which fill up time, "No, it is only natural. Many things are changed."

"Not you!" he burst out once more, this time with a hot gasp in his throat. He had never believed her to be clever. But oh! her scornful gift of saying nothing!

"You laugh at me!" she answered presently. "A girl such as you left, and the mother of three big children!"

"You!" he stammered; "you!"

He saw the impatient blood swell upwards round her throat. "You are hardly complimentary," she answered. "Does it seem so exceedingly improbable? Yes; I am married. I should have spoken of it before, but for your indifference about children."

"It is not that," he pleaded gently, feeling his way through the sudden mist; "only sometimes the lapse of time strikes home to one. I congratulate—you—him. He is a lucky man."

"So he thinks," she answered quickly; for in his words had echoed unintentional doubt. "Did you not notice the name upon the door, 'Doctor Hugo Schlumpke'?" That is my husband. I am Frau Doctor Schlumpke now."

He could have struck at her as he bent forward, sweetly inquiring about the Herr Doctor. His Juliet! His very indignation was surely a sign of returning sanity. He was not yet such a hopeless fool as to admire a woman called Schlumpke.

"He will be coming in to coffee," she said; "you will stay for that. It will be like old times, when my parents enjoyed your dropping in."

"Yes," he continued eagerly, but without a touch of sentiment. "Do you remember those old times? The two windows on the top floor, yours and Max's. And our whistle across the road?"

"I remember you and Max had a signal," she responded, laughing, "but I do not remember what it was."

He remembered. He whistled it now, softly, to her amused acquiescence. And again he saw the two black windows high in air, and his own form, on his lower storey opposite, watching in the cold and dark, watching for a light—not in Max's window—for a shadow across the blind!

"That is the sound of his latchkey," she said, and swept erect, for a moment, like a wave. He stood before her. She was a stupid woman—he knew it; she was rather a heartless woman—he knew it; she was not even, strictly speaking, a handsome woman—he knew it. She was nothing to him with his pretty wife, and his wealthy cosmopolitan existence. He would have given at that moment what happiness he possessed to cast himself at her feet.

"I shall be delighted to meet him," he said.

Then, as she went forth to greet her husband, he turned to the window beside him, threw himself against it—the wrong window, the wrong side of the street—what did it



matter?—and in a burst of living recollection, with the cool glass against his cheeks and a cloud before his eyes, he poured the pent torrent of his kisses upon the empty air.

The next moment they all came trooping in. Chubby children, like anybody's children, not with the rich glow of their mother's complexion; a chubby husband, like anybody's husband, only stupider. He was big and fair-haired, this German doctor. The Englishman was glad to think of him as Julchen's lord and master.

"Let us go into the dining-room," said the Frau Doctor.

"Where the Shakspeare pictures are," said Walter. They were very merry over that, the children opening large eyes of wonder. He talked brightly to the children, amusing them. He saw a growing satisfaction settle upon their mother's impassive brow.

And, warming to the sunshine around him, he told about his dogs and his horses—his one dog, especially, his favourite, his "only real friend," Black Prince. The children listened, open-mouthed. At last he rose to go.

"I wish we could ask you to come again," said Julchen cordially. "Once in twelve years, it is not much!"

"It is not enough," he said, speaking thoughtfully and retaining her hand in his own; "not enough. Or too often. Good-bye, Frau Doctor. Do you remember how I used to call you—Juliet?"

"And 'Du'?" asked the husband, his mouth full of bread-and-butter. He grinned across at his wife.

"I quite forget," she answered; "did we call each other 'Du'?"

He coloured, despite his resolution not to. "No, no," he said; "but we got on very well together, all the same. Did we not?"

"Of course we got on very well. You were Max's most intimate friend."

"Yes," he said, "remember me to Max. Good-bye."

The husband saw him to the door. "She is a splendid woman, my wife," said Herr Schlunke, with a superfluous effusiveness which was his way of showing cordiality. "Do you not think so? It is a happy family, dear Sir, but she rules it. So much the better. I should not mind if she beat me. When a man loves a woman he must not mind being beat."

"Does she beat you?" asked Walter, buttoning his coat.

"No, no! Ha, ha! Excellent! I shall tell her—no, we are the happiest of couples. I, at least, I can say with our great German poet: 'I have lived and I have loved.'"

"You are indeed fortunate," replied Walter on the steps in the cold night air. "But I, too, can say that. Most men can, I imagine. Good-night."

He hurried down the long lines of gaslight, looking neither to right nor left. When at last he reached the station he remarked how deserted it looked. He found himself compelled to hunt calmly, on the long time-table, under a flaring gas-jet, for a train to Frankfort. The cool figures rained down upon his brain like a shower-bath. He found he had a full hour to wait.

He went into the empty refreshment-room. It smelt sour of spilt beer and bad tobacco. A sleepy barmaid half-rose from a corner table. He stood looking at her, in the middle of the floor.

THE END.

## ECCELESIASTICAL NOTES.

Alike in the Church of England and in Nonconformity there is difficulty in getting suitable men for the ministry. A new society has been established under the title, the Guild of the Forerunner. It is to be confined to the diocese of Rochester, the Bishop of Rochester being the warden, and the object is to assist all those who propose to offer themselves for the ministry of the Church. All members of the Church of England of eighteen years of age and upwards are eligible for membership, and the object is to seek out and help men who cannot meet the cost of a University training, but who aim at the ministry of the Church. The society seems likely to be useful,

to the churchwardens of every church in Birmingham, having direct reference to the services conducted in the church, and to the style, conduct, and practices of the Vicar.

The American Church papers are discussing in a lively way the question of marriage and divorce. The object is to bring the Canon-law into accord with the marriage service, and an important manifesto or declaration to that effect has been signed by several Bishops and a large number of priests.

Mr. Baring-Gould, the well-known novelist, thinks that at the first manifestation of disorder in churches the divine service should be stopped, and not proceeded with, "so long as the unclean spirit is present in the church." He thinks that the appeal for protection to the law, to magistrates and police, seems a mistake. The appeal should be made direct to the Divine Head of the Church, and it indicates a lack of faith to look elsewhere.

Canon Wharton B. Smith has been elected Bishop of Grahamstown. It is believed, however, that he will decline, and that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London and Bath and Wells will be asked to select a Bishop. This method of reference to English Bishops does not commend itself to everyone.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is warmly supporting the Church Army, and two Church Army vans are being provided for the Canterbury diocese.

At the Baptist Union meetings this month in Nottingham farewell will be taken of twenty-seven missionaries, male and female, who are leaving for foreign fields of service. The annual sermon will be preached by Dr. Lorimer of Boston, and Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) will speak at the public meeting.

The Bishop of Derry at a recent public function had a word of praise for the average sermon. Taking all things into account, it surprised him by its excellence.

The spiritual welfare of the "hopper" is to be looked after by an organisation of lady workers accustomed to mission work in the poorer districts of the East-End. The mission to the hoppers is controlled by Canon Carter, and a number of ladies will shortly start for the hop districts to begin work. As many farmers are averse to interference,

no attempt will be made to hold meetings in the hop-fields, but clubs and reading-rooms will be opened in the local school-rooms.

The Rev. C. H. Goodman, the Free Methodist missionary who suffered weeks of captivity and narrowly escaped death in the Mendi country, is gradually improving in health. Mr. Goodman, who has returned to England, was the only member of the mission who was saved. He intends to write an account of his experiences for the official organ of his denomination.

The death is announced of Miss Sarah Geraldina Stock, sister of Mr. Eugene Stock, of the Church Missionary Society, and well known for her hymns and religious books. Miss Stock went to Penmaenmawr for a holiday, and while there was seized with pneumonia. She died from sudden failure of the heart's action.

V.



She came in with outstretched hand and smiles of honest satisfaction.

and if it succeeds it will, no doubt, be extended to other dioceses.

Canon Gore writes a remarkable letter in defence of the Dean of Ripon, who has been so severely attacked by Father Ignatius. Canon Gore says: "We should not agree in all points, I daresay; but I have not the least doubt that the Dean of Ripon is a cordial believer in the Christian revelation and in the truth of the Nicene Creed."

It is stated that a private conference, presided over by the Bishop of Coventry and attended by some forty or fifty of the Birmingham Evangelical clergy, has been recently held to take into consideration the question of the anti-Catholic demonstration, and that a policy has been formulated which will probably be found in operation in the autumn. The Bishop of Worcester has addressed questions



**"THE TERMAGANT," AT HER MAJESTY'S.**

The play which Miss Olga Nethersole has produced at Her Majesty's Theatre is another excursion into the realm of tragic romance. The story tells how Beatrix, Princess of Moya, beautiful and young, found fate too strong for love. Beatrix, though styled a "termagant," is rather uncertain

of diversion, holds a court of love in the palace gardens. At this gathering the lady favours her courtiers with her theory of love. Naturally, she is all for sudden and impulsive passion. She does not hold with slow-grown attachments. That seems to her "mere friendship run to seed." The love that is to claim her must come openly, like a conqueror—"that's honest love"; secret love,



FELIPA (MISS GRACE WARNER) AND GARCIA (MR. W. L. ARINGDON).

in temper, impetuous and wayward, than a scolding shrew. She herself admits that she is very proud, jealous, and sudden to anger. The scene is laid in medieval Spain, at the Court of Beatrix, who lives surrounded by fair women and brave men. All her attendants love her except



FRAY DOMINGO (MR. J. H. BARNES).

Felipa, who fears her mistress's eye. This Felipa, whose husband is absent fighting the Moors, has been intriguing with one Don Garcia, who wooed her, as D'Artagnan wooed Kitty, only to be nearer the mistress. Rodrigo's lands adjoined those of Beatrix, but they had never seen each other. Before the action of the play begins the name of Beatrix and this Rodrigo had been coupled, at which the Princess was ill-pleased, and declared that she would not be "given in marriage by the public vote." Accordingly, she thought of no lover while Rodrigo went with Columbus to seek a new world. Finding Court life monotonous, Beatrix at length, by way

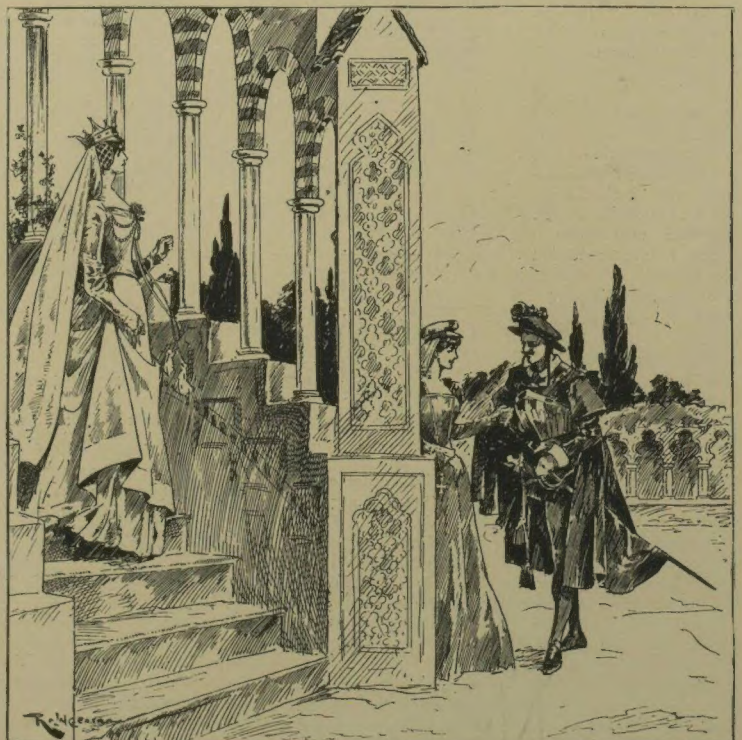
working like a canker, is to be haled to the light. The hearing of the causes of love, when the lords and ladies playfully accuse each other of coldness and the like, arouses Beatrix to suspicion of Felipa. To her the Princess administers a caution, and also bestows a poisoned ring for defence against objectionable suitors. Enter now a sea-stained mariner, who brings a letter from Columbus, saying his mission is accomplished. The stranger then rouses the company to derision when he declares that he is Don Rodrigo, come to woo Beatrix. The Princess mocks him with the rest, calling him "man-fish," "sea-fool," and the like endearments. Rodrigo, however, shows himself determined to win, and when the barber and tailor have rubbed away the rust of ocean, comes perilously near being that conquering hero which the Termagant had declared to be the only one to whom she would yield. By a well-side, where Rodrigo has sat, she confesses to herself that he has indeed conquered; she, "no man's mate," is won.

But a happy ending is denied. Rodrigo is the bearer of another letter, this one to the perjured Felipa from her husband. In all good faith he tries to deliver it, but the approach kindles the jealousy of Beatrix. Here Garcia sees his opportunity and uses it. He so works upon the jealous nature of Beatrix that she believes Rodrigo guilty of the blackest treachery, and gives consent, qualified, it is true, to his death. Garcia then goes about to make short work of Rodrigo, and very soon finds means to assassinate him. It is only when this has been accomplished that the Princess finds out how she has been traduced and that Rodrigo's honour is untarnished. Unwitting of the evil fortune



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE AS BEATRIX.

that has attended him, and believing that Rodrigo has merely left the Court in a fit of pique, Beatrix sends for him, and in order to receive him nobly, decks herself as for the bridal. He is borne into her presence dead. Then Beatrix remembers the poisoned ring and falls dead. Love has slain both Rodrigo and the Termagant. The play is written by Messrs. Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson, with incidental music by Mr. Frederick Corder. Miss Olga Nethersole herself sustains the title-rôle, and is supported, in that of Rodrigo, by Mr. Murray Carson, one of the joint authors, who has put a fine speech descriptive of Columbus's voyage into the mouth of the hero. Rodrigo tells how they "passed mountains that belched fire and smoke—the mouth of hell, some said—and then beyond the world's edge into the unknown sea. Then fell a great calm, and the waters were like oil and the heavens like steel. 'Twas then we saw St. Brendan's Isle, and the lost Atlantis, and the Seven Cities whither the martyrs fled. But when the wind rose they faded, and we knew some devil had tricked us. And on! and on! Day followed upon day, and night upon night. Sometimes strange voices made melodies about our ship, and sometimes strange fires flickered about the mast-head, and the stoutest among us feared we were slipping hellwards down the side of the world. And anon the sea was cloyed with weeds, so that our ship could neither forward nor back." In such wise the sailor's tale of wonder is unfolded.



BEATRIX (MISS NETHERSOLE).

FELIPA (MISS WARNER). RODRIGO (MR. MURRAY CARSON).



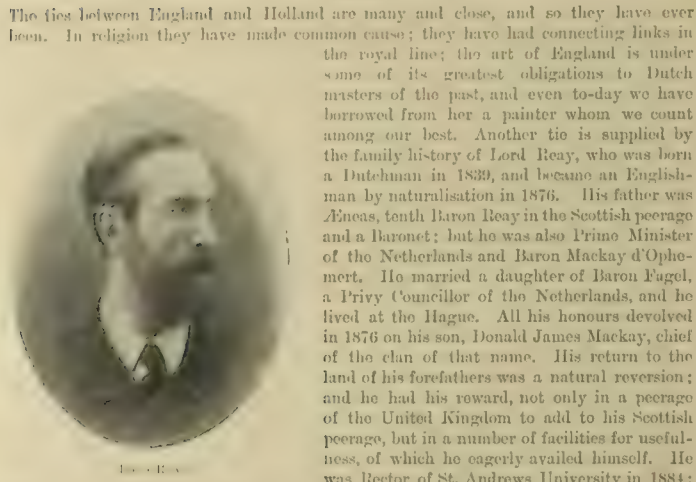


THE ANGLO-GERMAN ALLIANCE.—MR. BALFOUR AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE: A CALL FROM COUNT HATZFELDT.

*Owing to indifferent health, Count Hatzfeldt, when making a call, has to be carried from his carriage to the reception-room. This will account for the unusual relative position of the First Lord of the Treasury and his distinguished guest. Count Hatzfeldt's calls on Mr. Balfour have recently been very frequent.*



## EVENTS OF THE DAY.



Governor of Bombay from 1883 to 1890; and Under-Secretary of State for India in 1891-95. Lord Reay married, in 1877, Fanny Georgiana, daughter of Richard Hasler, and widow of Captain Mitchell, M.P., of Stow.

The Queen of Denmark has already been referred to as the most beautiful Queen on the Continent, despite the long tale of years she celebrates with each birthday. Another such celebration has come round, to be marked by a large family gathering that knows not how often it may meet again, and makes the most of the opportunity. It was in 1842



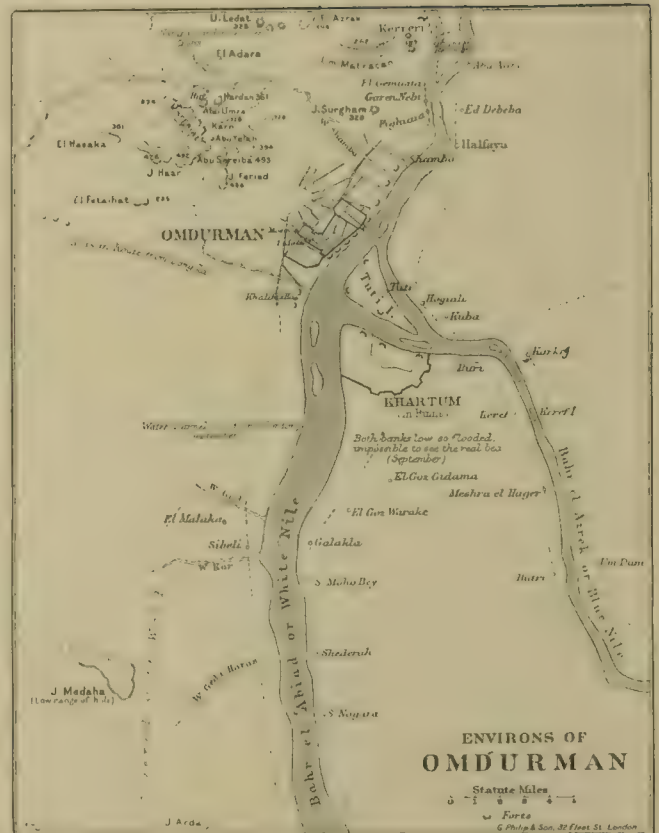
Dowager Empress of Russia.

Princess of Wales. Duchess of Cumberland.

THE QUEEN OF DENMARK AND HER DAUGHTERS.

that Princess Louise of Hesse-Cassel became the wife of Christian IX. of Denmark, himself now an octogenarian. The latest portrait of her Majesty, which we reproduce, shows her in the company of the three daughters who are now with her—the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Cumberland, and the widow of the late Czar of Russia.

The size of Omdurman was one of the things that struck the conquering English force when they approached it on Saturday last. "Omdurman is an enormous place," says the Sirdar in his brief despatch announcing his victory over the Khalifa. A city that is some five miles long may not sound very impressive to the Londoner, who counts his own at thirty miles; but London is so long from Plumstead to Richmond that you cannot see the distance. The half-dozen miles of the Khalifa's capital would look at least as long; and as it lies on the border of a desert, would have the definiteness that London lacks. Elsewhere Omdurman has its suburb, and there the Sirdar paused, and the newspaper correspondents produced their exciting "copy" by the banks of the river Nile, which has heard so much of the talk of Tommy Atkins in recent years. A great plain stretched out to the south, clear of bush. Three miles of it had been covered by the front of the British Army and its allies; and rocky eminences studded the horizon, Jebel-el-Taib and the rest. To the right of Omdurman is a continuous stretch of scrub, rising to a low range of hills. The marshes, flooded by the Nile, lie to the east; and at hand is Tufti Island with its groves of palms. The houses of this immense city are brown, being mostly of mud, with a sprinkling of brick. Brown, too, of a drab shade, is the colour of most of the ground, and it is worth



ENVIRONS OF OMDURMAN, CAPTURED BY THE SIRDAR, SEPT. 3.

remarking that it harmonises exactly with the colour of the uniform most in wear. Amid this waste of dun-coloured apparel the Sirdar himself was conspicuous in white.

Gordon was the real founder of Omdurman, which he found a village fifteen years ago, and himself fortified against the Mahdi. After its fall, the Dervishes centred there, and the straw and mud houses increased by thousands. To the south it almost faces Khartoum. The chief buildings are the great Mosque and the Mahdi's Tomb, the dome of which recalled St. Paul's to its conquerors, and was of necessity injured by shot and shell. The Khalifa built it, and his own palace is close at hand. Half a mile away is the arsenal; and other buildings of note are the prison, the chief bazaar, and the Treasury. But the Mahdi's Tomb dominates. A great wall starts from it on a devious course of nearly two miles. The population numbers some 400,000, of whom a majority are women; the fact being that Khartoum, now in ruins, has emptied all its people into the new city. A dozen forts for their defence were not long ago completed—forts of mud.

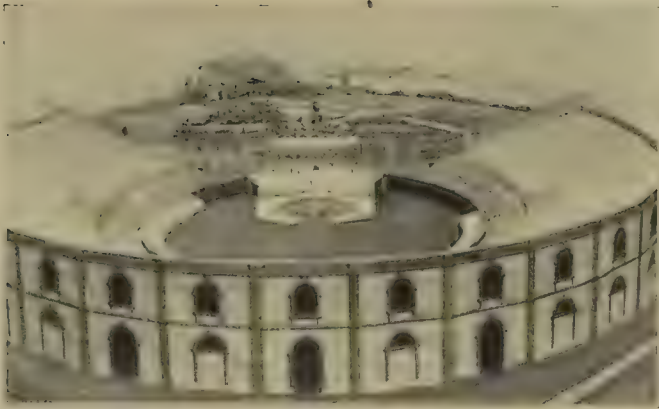
The steam-boat of the future, at least in torpedo-boats, is said to be the wonderful *Turbinia*, now afloat upon the Tyne. She is a long and narrow craft, a hundred feet by nine, and sharp as a knife at the bow. The dimensions spell speed; and speed is the aim achieved by the newly invented engine with no cylinder, or fly-wheel, or elaborate system of valves and rods and pistons. Steam is driven against the fans of specially made wheels on the three propeller shafts, turning them rapidly and the screws with them. The screws of the *Turbinia* make about 2500 revolutions a minute, and Mr. Parsons says that 5000 or 10,000 revolutions a minute could be reached, if need were, according to the strength of the steam pressure. Speed, too, can be quickly got up—the *Turbinia* screws have been run up to a twenty-eight-knot rate from a standstill in twenty-eight seconds. A recent trip with the *Turbinia* marked the progress at forty miles an hour. The consumption of coal, enormous of course, would bar a voyage across the Atlantic; but there are other possibilities, many and great. Meanwhile, it is worth mentioning that Mr. Parsons, who has traversed the sea at record rate, is a son of Lord Rosse, the constructor of the telescope that bears his name.



THE "TURBINIA."

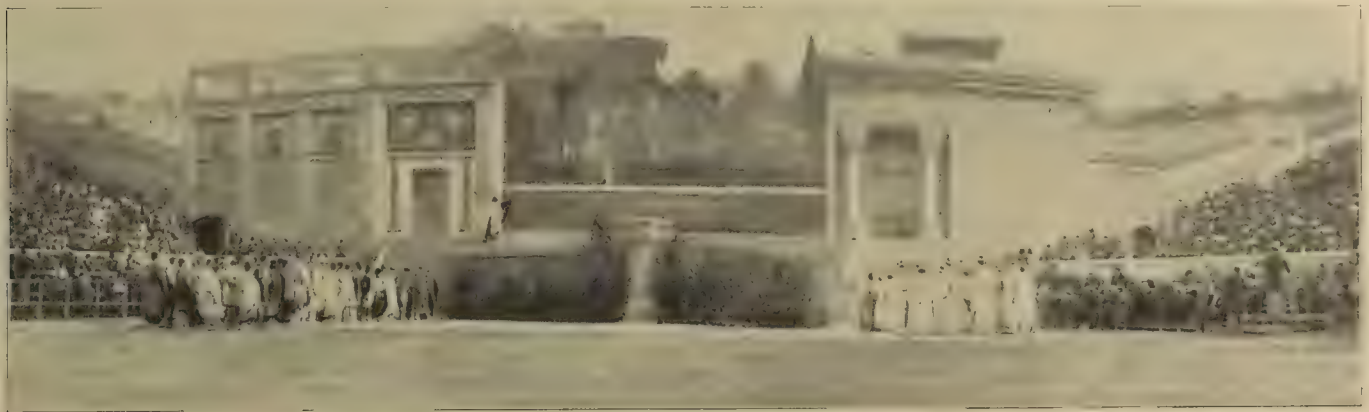
Photo. W. & A. G. & Co.





THE AMPHITHEATRE AT BEZIERS.

On Aug. 28, the little town of Béziers, almost on the Spanish frontier, was *en fete* for a remarkable operatic performance. In the large amphitheatre, which has hitherto been mainly devoted to the bull-fight, a more humane purgative of the passions was set forth in Saint Saëns' new work, reminiscent of Sophocles' "Trachiniae," the opera "Déjanire." More than forty thousand visitors came to Béziers for the occasion, and although only one fourth of these could find places in the amphitheatre, the rest enjoyed what the town had to offer, more especially as the good bourgeois had set the fountains running wine. The scene in the open-air theatre during the performance was superb. Chorus and orchestra together numbered 1500 artists, among whom were no fewer than eighteen harpists. M. Saint Saëns conducted in person, and the principal performers



SAINT SAËNS' OPERA "DEJANIRE" AT BEZIERS.

M. Saint-Saëns Conducting.

were Mdlle. Bourgeois and M. Duc of the Opéra, and Mesdames Segond-Weber and Cora Laparcerie of the Odéon. The performance lasted from four to seven, and was enthusiastically received. In the evening Béziers was illuminated.

The Cary family, one of the oldest in Devonshire, has lost its head by the death of Mr. R. S. Cary, Lord of the Manor of Tor Abbey. Descended from Otho, one of Edward the Confessor's barons, the family settled in Devonshire in the

Those who know Newfoundland best prophesy that it will have, during the next two or three years, a run of progress without equal in its past history. The Commission recently appointed to consider the boundary question is not likely to sit in vain; and France's cession of shore-line to Great Britain will be followed, no doubt, by a return favour from England to France in some other part of the world. Then there are whispers, though only whispers as yet, of the possible federation of Newfoundland to Canada. Be this as it may, the Governorship of the island, just relinquished by Sir Herbert Harley Murray, K.C.B., falls at an important time upon the shoulders of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Edward M'Callum, who is also the Colony's Commander-in-Chief. Sir Henry, who served with the Royal Engineers, has had useful experience as Governor of Lagos, and his appointment has given as much satisfaction in official circles in Newfoundland as it gives to interested onlookers at home.



Photo P. J. Gould.  
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR HENRY M'CALLUM, K.C.B.  
The New Governor of Newfoundland

The name "Cromarty" seems to be of evil omen for ships. Only a few weeks ago a vessel called the *Cromartyspire* collided with *La Bourgoigne*, and now another craft with Cromarty in her name has come by an evil fate upon the Galloway coast. That seaboard, which we have learned to associate with fictitious adventure, has lately been the scene of an adventure in real life, which has afforded the quiet-going people of Wigtownshire food for marvel and glowing journalistic comment. On Saturday, Aug. 27, during squally weather, the barque *Firth of Cromarty*, outward bound from Glasgow to Sydney, went ashore a short distance south of Corsewall Lighthouse, on a very dangerous bit of coast. The vessel carried a crew of twenty-two and one passenger, and was loaded with general cargo. She had left the Clyde the previous day, towed by the

tug *Defiance*. The tug left the barque near Ailsa Cruig, and the latter, when off Corsewall Lighthouse, was unable to clear the land, owing to a sudden gale from the W.N.W. Shortly before midnight the *Firth of Cromarty* was driven upon the rocks. Corsewall Point, it will be remembered, is the northern extremity of Wigtownshire at the entrance to Loch Ryan, and the coast at this point is extremely rugged. The crew of the stranded barque sent up signals of distress, which were answered from the Corsewall Lighthouse, the keepers of which immediately telephoned to the nearest rocket and life-boat stations. The Portpatrick life-boat was under repair and unfit for service, but the rocket brigade procured three horses and started at one o'clock on Sunday morning. After a journey of eighteen miles in the darkness, the brigade at length found the wreck, to reach which it had to level several stone dykes. By this time the dawn was breaking, and the ship's boat was just clearing the wreck with ten of the crew. Thirteen seamen, however, still remained on board, so that the rocket apparatus was speedily got into position. A well-directed shot carried the life-line amidships. An exciting scene then ensued, while the remnant of the crew, man by man, were hauled ashore through the surf, a distance of a hundred yards. One of the apprentices was washed out of the life-buoy, but managed to clutch the line again. Captain Neilson was the last to leave the ship. Before doing so he hauled down the signals of distress. The shipwrecked mariners were kindly entertained at the neighbouring farmhouses, and were loud in their praises of the conduct of the rocket brigade. The *Firth of Cromarty* is now rapidly breaking up. On August 31 the continued gale had considerably advanced the work of destruction. The mainmast was gone, and the cargo was to be seen floating away shorewards. The same night, Aug. 31, the crew returned to their homes. The Salvage Company's apparatus is at work on the scene of the wreck.



THE WRECK OF THE "FIRTH OF CROMARTY."

Photo J. P. Midway, Stranraer, N.B.

reign of Henry V., and were a power there in the reign of Elizabeth. Everyone knows the introduction of their name into the pages of "Westward Ho!" where the brave and virtuous members of the old race are devoted Protestants. It is one of the little ironies of life that Kingsley lived to see the head of the Cary family, whose death is now recorded, return to an older communion, and become its generous supporter in the neighbourhood of Torquay.



THE "CROMARTYSPIRE," WHICH COLLIDED WITH  
"LA BOURGOIGNE."









THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES IN WILTS AND DORSET: ARRIVAL OF THE CAVALRY BRIGADE AT BLANDFORD, AUGUST 30.



THE SOUDAN ADVANCE: ON BOARD THE "WAGON LITS" OF THE SOUDAN RAILWAY: MAKING SODA-WATER WITH "SPARKLETS."

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS.

An ordinary goods truck serves for a base, on which is reared a rough framework, supporting an inch plank roof, with side curtains of stout canvas. In the centre of the truck is a large seer, or native filter, of porous clay, through which the Nile water, originally of a pea-soup consistency, falls clear and crystal-like into a bucket beneath. Laterally placed in the truck are angarebs, or native beds, on which one eats, drinks, or sleeps.



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*Signs*, 1894-51. By W. S. Douglas. (Edinburgh.)  
A Passage in the Life of an Antiquary.  
By William Sharp. (Grant Richards.)  
*William Drake*. By R. Murray Gilchrist. (Methuen.)  
*Dicky Monteith*. A Love Story. By Tom Gallon. (Hutchinson.)

Worthy of praise and of emphatic recognition are the industry and acumen displayed by Mr. Douglas in his narrative of a very interesting episode in the biography of Oliver Cromwell and the history of Scotland. Startling, indeed, was the transformation of Scottish national effort and opinion which compelled the English Parliament of the earlier years of the Commonwealth to send Cromwell with an invading army to Scotland in the July of 1650. It had been the Scotch who paved the way for the first and greatest English revolution of the seventeenth century by their armed resistance to Charles I., yet it was they who, on his execution, took up arms on behalf of Charles II. and persisted after their defeat at Dunbar on Sept. 3, 1650, until they were finally crushed at Worcester on Sept. 3, 1651. Cromwell's "fortunate day." A Scottish Presbyterian force under Leven had fought by Cromwell's side against Charles I. at Marston Moor; it was another Scottish Presbyterian force, commanded by Leven's nephew, David Leslie, which fought for Charles II. against Cromwell at Dunbar. The complication of circumstances which led the Presbyterian Scotch to coalesce with some of their old enemies, the Scottish Royalists, against their old friends and allies of the English Parliament, is explained by Mr. Douglas with the utmost minuteness of knowledge, historical and biographical, and with perfect impartiality. The same characteristics distinguish his detailed account, almost day by day, of Cromwell's Scotch campaign from its beginning to his occupation of Perth in July 1651, when the Scots army, with Charles II., was already on its way southward to meet its doom at Worcester. It is to be regretted that Mr. Douglas's volume, so acceptable as a storehouse of information, much of it novel, should be disfigured by many eccentricities of style, as when the young Charles II. is spoken of as "this lang lad of an un-Hebraic Saul!"

A pretty and pathetic "short story" is "Dulcissima Dilectissima," which gives a title to Mr. Ferguson's little miscellany of prose and verse. A vacant half-hour may be pleasantly passed in the perusal of this tiny tome, with its protest against cruelty to animals, quaintly entitled, "In the Name of God, the Merciful." Among the verses rather noticeable is a clever adaptation, in Swiftian rhyme, from Leopardi, "The Muses' Workshop."

Mr. Sharp's new fiction may be commended to fair readers who are possessed by the idea that women ought to attempt in the way of recreation whatever is done by men. Cricketing, golfing, cycling, shooting, angling, are already among the favourite amusements of the gentler sex, and now Mr. Sharp suggests to them in yachting a new rivalry with the lords of creation. The husbands of two young, beautiful, and high-spirited women are playing truant in London, instead of remaining with their wives in Dublin. The two heroines resolve to avenge this slight, and to enjoy themselves, by taking a trip in a yacht which they charter; and to show complete independence of the male sex, the crew of four are women: there is not a man or even a boy on board. The yacht, of course, encounters storms, which test the seamanship and equanimity of the two lovely skippers, who joyously survive the ordeal. Their most dangerous adventure is when bathing from off the yacht; and though swimming is among their many accomplishments, they are being carried away by a current, but are saved from drowning by two yachtsmen who are cruising in the same waters, and whose subsequent too obtrusive attentions they very properly reject. Restored to their yacht, the two truant are pursued by their husbands, but succeed in eluding them. All's well that ends well; the two wives, after a safe return to *terra firma*, heroically rescuing their husbands, whose yacht is dashed to pieces before their eyes on the Irish coast.

There is no strain put upon our credulity in "Willowbrake," unless, indeed, the difficulty of believing in a felony committed by a noble lord should in these days be thought great. Lord Wootton tears out the page of a parish register which contained evidence that would dispossess himself and his daughter of a large property; but his daughter, coming to a knowledge of the felony, insists upon confession and restitution. Her honesty brings out in the disreputable rightful heir to the property unsuspected magnanimity, and Lord Wootton dies happy in the certainty that the daughter for whose sake he had sinned and had repented of his sin would honourably come into possession of the wealth and happiness he had committed felony to secure to her. "Willowbrake" is a very pretty story of an old-fashioned sort, and not the least pretty and old-fashioned chapter in it is the elderly courtship of a stately steward and a governess of the fine old school, in whom appeared

The constant service of the antique world  
When service swayed for duty, not for mead.

If we cannot help sympathising with Lord Wootton in his weak and miserable lapse into crime, still less can we help our heart going out to Dicky Monteith, who also feebly fell into felony. He speculates with his brother's money, loses it, and has to clutch his wife to conceal the theft and prevent the truth oozing through. He is far from being an exemplary member of society, but you are always making for him the allowance of the epitaph composed by Jo Gargery—

Wotever were the failin's on 'is part,  
Remember, reader, he wor that good at 'eart.

Indeed, we have been reminded in other ways and more than once of Dickens by some of the pleasant characters—especially by the gutter-snipe Sally—of Mr. Tom Gallon's charming love story.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

The publication of the *Harnsworth Magazine* makes an epoch in the history of magazine literature. Some 800,000 copies were sold of the first number at threepence, and not less than one million were sold of the second at threepence-halfpenny. A mere numerical or financial success of this kind does not, of course, concern any of my readers, whose principal interest is in literature. I foresee, however, that these successful threepenny magazines will deal the heaviest blow that they have yet received to the American magazines in this country. Time was when *Harper's*, *Scribner*, and the *Century* were read throughout Great Britain in thousands. The sixpenny magazine has injured them here to a greater degree even than the ten-cent magazine is reported to have injured them in their own country. I should judge that the advent of the threepenny magazine will make their position, more difficult than ever. For this I am sorry. These magazines have been a perpetual delight to us, alike in the artistic nature of their production and in the admirable literature that they have steadily given to the public. In this country they were always handicapped by the fact that with much that was entirely international they interspersed a great many historical articles which could only interest citizens of the United States. But they have done, and are doing, a great work, for which every lover of literature and art should be grateful.

The threepenny magazine, however, will probably have more to answer for than this. There are not, I suppose, more than ten or twenty thousand people in the country who care very much about literature. The class, however, is a growing one, and the sixpenny magazine here and the ten-cent magazine in America are clearly considerable factors in promoting that growth. It is quite certain, however, that the threepenny magazine will mean an absolute deterioration in the literary taste of the public. You cannot cater for one million people without writing down to them at every point. Writing down to the million, you unconsciously do a great deal of harm to the few thousands who have instincts for good literature. It is for this reason, and this reason alone, that I regret the advent of the threepenny magazine. It represents the greatest triumph of the commonplace that our age has seen.

Meanwhile, there is a rumour of yet another threepenny publication, to be called the *Royal Magazine*. It is to be issued by Messrs. Pearson, Limited, although a statement has been made in the *Bookman* to the effect that Messrs. Pearson have declared that it is not being started with their capital, but is merely published by them on commission, some independent capitalist having deposited with them £50,000 for the venture. Unless this independent capitalist has other axes to grind than mere magazine proprietorship, I venture to believe that he is a very foolish person. Whatever money may be made by the investing of £50,000 in a threepenny magazine on the part of a capitalist new to the business, at least a great deal more could have been made by investing the same sum in some other form of publication, that is, always providing that the publication was successfully managed and edited.

There are only two firms, it seems to me, that could with judgment have handed £50,000 to Messrs. Pearson with a view to starting a magazine. The first of these is Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son. Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son have had a severe struggle with Messrs. Harnsworth Brothers concerning the *Harnsworth Magazine*, a struggle in which the battle has, so far as I can see, been a drawn one. They have not prevented the magazine selling to the extent of a million, although they have not sold a copy of it, but they have indirectly induced Messrs. Harnsworth Brothers to raise the price of the magazine to threepence-halfpenny. Now, I could imagine it to be a very skilful business move for Messrs. Smith and Son to float a threepenny magazine of their own, which it would be their interest to push energetically on all their bookstalls. Ultimately, of course, they would make such a magazine pay, as Messrs. Harnsworth will make their magazine pay, and, meanwhile, it would be a very clever retort to the Harnsworths.

The other firm who, I think, might very well have invested £50,000 with Messrs. Pearson are their great rivals, Messrs. Harnsworth. I could imagine that Messrs. Harnsworth recognise that the best of all competition is competition with oneself, and that an appetite for magazines grows with what it feeds on. To flood the market with a million of the *Royal Magazine* is not, it may be, in any way to injure the *Harnsworth Magazine*, but rather to increase the demand for it. On the whole, therefore, I think it would have been a clever stroke of business on the part of either Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son or Messrs. Harnsworth to have capitalised Messrs. Pearson, and to have sent this *Royal Magazine* into existence. At the same time, I do not, of course, attach much credence to the rumour about there really being an independent capitalist behind Messrs. Pearson.

Mr. Rider Haggard, whose most successful romances have been far removed from controversy, has now written a novel dealing, with great vigour, with the question of vaccination. His hero is a doctor, who is responsible for preaching a furious crusade against vaccination, while he has himself been vaccinated. The result is the decimation of a town by fever. The anti-vaccinators will, no doubt, have a great deal to say to Mr. Rider Haggard's story when it appears in print. It is curious that neither in the recent vaccination controversy nor in the considerable discussion which has naturally centred round the "Encyclopædia Britannica" upon its reversion to the publishers of the *Times*, has anything been said concerning the fact that the very important article on "Vaccination" in the "Britannica," by Dr. Crichton, is a vigorous declaration against vaccination, although Dr. Crichton, it is understood, set forth to write the article as a partisan of the accepted medical usage.

In addition to Messrs. Dent's edition of Dickens in forty dainty volumes, there is to be a somewhat similar edition published by Messrs. Methuen. This will be edited by Mr. George Gissing, whose little book on Dickens attracted so much attention some months ago. Mr. Gissing is devoting himself with ardour to the "Introductions" to Dickens's stories. What is wanted, however, in my judgment, is an edition of Dickens for the library in single volumes, with abundant notes by some ardent student of the England and the London of fifty years ago. This would preserve for us much folk-lore that interested Dickens which is now fast sinking into oblivion. Mr. Austin Dobson, of course, is the ideal editor for such a work, although I doubt very much if he will be persuaded by any enterprising publisher to undertake it.

Mr. George Gissing's new novel, "The Town Traveller," appears this week. The publishers are Messrs. Methuen, and this would seem to represent a break with Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, who have published Mr. Gissing's novels for some time. The only point of interest to outsiders in connection with this change of publishers is a regret that Messrs. Methuen have not brought out "The Town Traveller" uniform with the four or five other one-volume novels of Mr. Gissing that we already have on our shelves. This uniformity of an author's works is a thing which is now becoming more general than formerly. Although Mr. Anthony Hope, for example, has five or six publishers, they have all of late, by special arrangement with him, produced his books in practically identical form.

A correspondent (writing on Aug. 30) sends me the following—

As a reader of your "Literary Letter" in *The Illustrated London News* for a long time past, your remarks in last Saturday's issue were particularly interesting to me. I am very anxious, and I may say curious, to read "Omar Khayyâm," especially after what you have mentioned several times previously in *The Illustrated*; and I often see extracts quoted in the *Echo*. But it is a forbidden book to a poor student like myself, for I cannot afford the half-guinea, nor have I been able to borrow it from any lending library. Therefore, if you can induce Messrs. Macmillan to issue a cheaper edition of "Omar Khayyâm," I, for one, would be much gratified.

Of course, the question of a cheap edition of FitzGerald's poem is purely a matter of business, over which the publishers are not likely to submit to any dictation. If it pays them better to sell, say, three hundred copies a year at half-a-guinea than it would pay them to sell three thousand at half-a-crown, they are likely to continue to sell the half-guinea copies; and who is there that will blame them? When the cheap edition is forthcoming, it will probably be found that most of the people who have talked so much about a cheap edition will have already secured pirated copies, and that the publishers will not have gained much by the transaction. Nevertheless, I count it absolutely for aught when certain paragraphists suggest that FitzGerald himself would have been very much disgusted at any attempt to make his work more popular. That may have been his mood while in his Woodbridge home; it would not be his mood, I am confident, if he could speak to us from his quiet resting-place in Boudge Churchyard, and could see the growing audience, among all classes, that his fine poem has gained with the gathering years. He would be much more vexed, I am sure, that a long article upon him should appear in the *September Idler*, in which his name is spelt *Fitzgerald* throughout, and not *FitzGerald*. This, to him, would have meant that he was being robbed of his kinship with the house of Kildare, and that the Woodbridge squire would not readily have forgiven, any more than Sir Walter Scott would have forgiven an attempt to deprive him of his clanship with the house of Buccleuch.

In reply to my strictures on Mr. Edward Clodd for suggesting that the Omar Khayyâm Club would not be honoured by the dedication of a new edition of FitzGerald's "Rubaiyat" to the club, Mr. Clodd writes to me as follows: "I do not consider that FitzGerald's poem should be dedicated by a bookselling company to the Omar or any other club, or, in fact, to any literary association at all. Dedications are the monopoly of the author, not of those who sell his wares." Doubtless there is something to be said for this, but Mr. Clodd's guns are spiked by the fact that it was the President of the Omar Khayyâm Club who suggested to Messrs. Macmillan that they might dedicate their new edition to that club; and an immediate compliance with the suggestion cannot be taken otherwise than in good part. A second point in Mr. Clodd's letter is, however, of more importance. He insists that Messrs. Macmillan and Mr. Aldis Wright are committing an act not less reprehensible than that of the pirates in publishing "Omar Khayyâm" in a separate form at all. "I have documentary evidence," he adds, "as to FitzGerald's directions against that, and hitherto Mr. Aldis Wright has always stood out firmly against a separate issue of the poem."

Meanwhile, the Omar Khayyâm Club held a very successful dinner at Great Malvern on Saturday last. The chair was taken by Mr. Henry Norman, and he was supported on the right and left by Sir William Hamilton Gordon, of Treasury fame, and Sir George Scott Robertson, the hero of Chitral. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. C. L. Hind, of the *Academy*, and Professor Percy Gardner, the well-known classical archaeologist, were among the guests present. No attempt was made at speech-making; a few words from the president, Mr. Norman, and a few words from his successor, Mr. L. E. Austin, and up the road, and all returned to their homes. The rest was all pleasant gaiety and quiet friendliness. A reporter who made an effort to obtain admission was promptly refused by the secretary, and it was generally agreed that publicity was no longer to be accorded in any shape or form, by the club, which henceforth aspires to a complete and obscure obscurity.

G. K. S.







THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES IN WILTS AND DORSET



PICKETED HORSES.



ROYAL HORSE GUARDS' STEAM-KITCHEN.



ROYAL IRISH ON THE MARCH.



THE ARTILLERY.



FIELD FORGE.



LAYING TELEGRAPH WIRES.



CROSSING PONTOON BRIDGE.



SERVING OUT FORAGE.

*From Photographs by Thiele, Chancery Lane.*





FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE: SHOOTING THE WHITE-HORSE RAPIDS.

*From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price.*

SEE NEXT PAGE.



## FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE.—No. VI.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

## FROM LAKE MARSH TO DAWSON CITY.

The river now became gradually very swift. We were approaching the Miles Cañon and White Horse Rapids, places marked as very dangerous in the maps. As we neared them we saw many boats moored along the banks, their occupants preferring to walk on ahead and have a good look before "taking any chances," as the saying is in these parts. A couple of miles before the actual rapids begin, there is a portage somewhat over five miles in length over which boats and baggage can be transported. A pole tramway with horse traction has recently been laid along it by the Cañon and White Horse Rapids Tramway Company, and for a comparatively small amount, considering, all risk can thus be avoided. Many, however, whether through love of excitement, or more probably to save money, prefer to run the rapids, with the inevitable result that thirteen lives have been lost here this year alone. How many in previous years will never be known. That both these places are extremely dangerous and not worth the risk of losing one's outfit, and perhaps one's life also, is indisputable. There were many pilots about who, for the sum of \$10, would undertake to run one's boat through, but as they would not guarantee to do so and not ship any water, I decided to avail myself of a courteous invitation given to me by the representative of the Tramway Company to permit them to transport my canoe and baggage. This meant, of course, unloading everything, but there were lots of willing hands to assist, and in a few minutes the canoe and all our belongings were safely packed on one of the trollies and started off, whilst we walked round by the riverside to have a look at the rapids.

Miles Cañon, as the first of them is called, is a deep narrow gorge, about six hundred yards in length, through which the river rushes at a terrific pace, a mass of foaming, swirling water, and with an awe-inspiring roaring sound, which is heard a long way off. There were quite a number of people waiting to see boats come along, so we sat down and watched for a few moments. We saw several good-size ones go through, and, although they certainly did so without accident, I felt I should not have cared to do it in our canoe. Several empty boats passed, and they appeared to run less risk of being smashed against the sides of the cañon than when there were occupants in them to steer their course. They were picked up lower down after passing the other rapids. There is a swift but comparatively quiet stretch of river between this and the White Horse Rapids, though about midway and right in the centre of the stream there is a treacherous sort of gravel bar, round which the current rushes madly. As we passed, a large raft with six men and two horses on board ran aground here and got stuck hard and fast. Now, if ever, they got off I don't know, as there were no means of reaching them from the shore, and those coming down in boats could not possibly stop except at great risk. Let's hope they extricated themselves safely.

As we left the roar of the cañon behind us we gradually heard ahead another, even greater, sound of rushing waters. This was the dreaded White Horse Rapids, of which one has heard and read so much. At first sight it does not impress so much as the cañon, as the river here runs through high banks, which, though steep, are not formidable. The actual rapids are nearly a mile in length,

on, as no help was possible. All the principal points of vantage were crowded, and I saw many women, the ubiquitous photographer by the dozen, of course; for where is he not in these last days of the nineteenth century? O Kodak, Kodak, what have we done that even in these far-away northern solitudes one cannot escape thy demon eye?

he said, "that the cost of portage was cheaper than the risk of losing their boats."

The river below the rapids is quite respectable again, and is almost a quiet stream, though for some little distance gravel bars appear now and again, and one has to be careful how one steers. At last, however, it settles



Photo Villiers and Quick, Bristol.

THE BURNING OF COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL: THE NORTH END, SHOWING REMAINS OF ORCHESTRA AND ORGAN.

Nothing in the nature of an accident occurred while we were looking on, although there were one or two narrow shaves. I learned, though, that an amateur photographer a few days before had been lucky enough (*sic*) to get a snap-shot of a boat that had overturned, and two men who were drowning! I know the gentleman's name, but will not mention it, trusting that if he ever reads these lines he will send me a copy of the photograph in question, as I am a great admirer of presence of mind.

The canoe had been waiting for us some time when we reached the end of the tramway, and we found all in

down into a good steady stream, and we have nothing further to trouble us for many miles ahead. The scenery now became very grand, the banks in many places being of great height, and often consisted of a sort of loose gravel, which kept continually falling into the river with a movement like quicksand. Where these cliffs were formed of harder substance—maybe sandstone—thousands of martins had built their nests in the face of the rock, and formed a very pretty sight as they kept flying in and out. So, gently paddling down the stream, and taking it very leisurely and enjoying it immensely, we at length reached Lake Lebarge, the largest and last of the lakes we had to cross. Seen from the river, it appeared like a sea; for one was looking down its entire length of thirty-two miles, and the opposite shores were, of course, not visible. Evening was on us, and it was a dead calm, and so we decided to row a short distance farther on, and camp on the shore at some convenient spot.

(To be continued.)

## THE BURNING OF COLSTON HALL.

The meeting-place of the recent Trades Union Congress at Bristol was destroyed totally by fire on Sept. 2, the conflagration being the largest that has occurred in the city since the memorable riots. The hall, which stood in the very heart of Bristol, was the largest of the block of three halls which made up the institution known as the Colston Hall. It was seated for 2000 people, but twice that number could find standing room. The fire broke out about a quarter past two in the morning in some business premises adjoining the hall. It was discovered by two constables on duty, who immediately summoned the Fire Brigade, the members of which strained every nerve to save Colston Hall, but in vain. The roof of the hall first caught fire in the vicinity of the great organ. A gallant fireman attacked the incipient blaze and fought it stoutly, but had to retire vanquished. Thereupon the flame took a firm hold of the roof, and sweeping over everything, began to lick up the walls and roofs, which had, in the heat of the blazing buildings adjoining, become like tinder. The great rallying point of Western Liberalism and Radicalism—for such Colston Hall had the best reason to be designated—was now a ready prey to the flames. The roof crashed in, flames were seen spouting from the galleries, and then the organ was consumed. By nine o'clock the fire had been got under, but the ruins smouldered for hours. The delegates of the Trades Union Congress sustained considerable loss. Many bags and portmanteaux were destroyed; also papers, private and official. The minute-book was burned, but luckily the account-books escaped. The Congress found accommodation close at hand, and at once proceeded to business, the President grimly remarking that the minutes must be taken as read.

Colston Hall was named after Edward Colston, the famous benefactor of Bristol, who is celebrated in three annual banquets. It was one of the finest halls of its kind out of London, and has sheltered many notable gatherings: some political, others of other significance. The walls, now cracked and scarred by fire, have rung to the eloquence of Burke. There, in recent times, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer has also spoken. It was the place where Bristol welcomed its most distinguished guests. This week the banquet to Lord Dufferin was to have taken place there; likewise the great functions of the British Association.



Photo Villiers and Quick, Bristol.

THE BURNING OF COLSTON HALL: GENERAL VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

in one part the river plunging through a narrow passage of rocks, over which there is a very steep fall of several feet. This is the most dangerous part, and at this point, on our arrival, was gathered quite an audience to watch the boats come down, waiting probably to satisfy a morbid curiosity for something to happen, though had an accident occurred not a soul could have done anything but look

readiness to load again. I had an interesting chat with Mr. Norman Macaulay, the manager of the line. He told me it had only taken eighteen men twenty-one days to lay, that they had twenty-three horses in work constantly, and that the charge for portage was 3 cents per lb.; men's wages were \$10 per day of ten hours, with overtime paid extra at same rate. People were beginning to realise,



## LADIES' PAGE.

The artist in dress is fully entitled to charge highly for his or her services. It is borne in on one every day how much more important is the making than the material in the construction of a costume. At a garden-party given by the officers at the Shorncliffe Camp the other day, in connection with their men's sports, quite the handsomest dresses were of simple material. One was white muslin over rose-coloured silk, with innumerable very tiny tucks on the skirt running downwards from the waist to the knee, and below that trimmed with black velvet baby-ribbon, going round the skirt in three series of five rows, with a space between each set. The bodice was also profusely tucked, with deft little touches of the bright rose-pink in collar and belt and revers. Another excellent gown was a compound of periwinkle-blue glacé with white lawn, trimmed with embroideries of silver and jet paillettes on black velvet that was cut out at the edges into an elaborate pattern and appliqué to the periwinkle glacé; this passementerie on the silk made a wide collar at the back and over the shoulders, pointing off to the front over a gathered vest of periwinkle silk. The skirt was made with a deep flounce narrowing to the front, headed by a ruche of periwinkle glacé, motifs of black lace being scattered about the whole confection rather promiscuously. White grass lawn made in strips with insertions of narrow black lace, and a bodice completely of fine black lace over fluffymousse-line-de-soie, relieved by three bands from the neck to the waist of bright green silk, was another pretty dress. A dark heliotrope cashmere had graduated tucks, evidently put on, as they were all on the cross, right round it and adown its entire length of skirt. The bodice was of the same material, with plenty of white lace to lighten it, and was cut away from the front as well as down half the sleeve to show a kilted vest and under-sleeve of white silk muslin, held in place by innumerable cross-rows of the tiniest black velvet ribbon. Hats turned back in front and wide at the side are very popular; but nothing is more certain than that the people whom they suit are extremely few in number. Sashes are much in evidence wherever fashionable dresses congregate, and appear at the back, at the side, or straight in the front quite impartially.

Paris models for autumn are showing a strong tendency to the Princess style. The only drawback to this is that it requires so perfect a figure that only a few can safely dare the test. The style lends itself remarkably well to the over-dress above an under-skirt, which will be more employed for the autumn than the heavier and more troublesome full flounce. A Princess over-dress, reaching nearly to the foot of the skirt and turned back from the front; or one cut up at the sides so as to leave peaks front and back, with a kilting round a lining of the under-skirt just to show beneath the over-dress, are quite new styles. There may be a slight pouch effect just in front, but a close and accurate fit over the hips is quite essential to this style. The hips, however, are frequently slightly padded to secure the fit, for the Paris dressmaker feels no scruple at all about improving upon nature whenever she sees, as she supposes, the possibility of such an achievement.

Capital autumn forecasts are seen in our Illustrations. There is the handsomely and elaborately braided cloth gown, with the long back to the basque, that is to be seen in the new models, even in fur, cut away to the front, the braiding on the skirt following the outline of the coat; the revers being of velvet, with white lace upon it. Then there is the plainly braided, dark cloth gown for quieter occasions, with a satin belt fastening with a buckle. Either of these styles may be safely copied by competent hands.

When so many of us are ruefully contemplating the ravages in the silky softness and glossy amiability of our tresses, the penance of sea-bathing, is a happy moment to introduce to us "Capitol," a hair- tonic coming with high

medical testimonials. The best recommendation that it can have is that it has been introduced to us by the famous Mülhens' "4711" House, the London dépôt of which is 62, New Bond Street, whose "Rhine Violets" and "Eau de Cologne" are of such excellence as to serve as a guarantee of the high character of any articles that they introduce to us. "Capitol" is a stimulant to the roots of the hair, and particularly useful in removing dandruff and checking its further growth, thus making the hair that soft and glossy adornment that it should be to beauty. It is the invention of a well-known German physician.

The good young Duchess of Sutherland works as hard for her Association for Improving the Position of the Cottage Weavers in the Highlands as if she were a man of business making her income out of it. She has now obtained early patterns of the colours and mixtures that are expected by the trade to be popular when the cold weather arrives, and she is personally travelling in Sutherlandshire, and cruising in her yacht to the islands in the neighbourhood, calling together the cottage weavers in order to give them the patterns and to impress upon them the necessity for exactly meeting the market. Though the hand-woven tweeds which these poor people produce have always been known to be everlasting wear, they failed, before the Duchess and others took up their cause, in making goods sufficiently soft and pleasant, according to the taste of the

they had both already had typhoid fever, but one of them contracted it again under the painful circumstances of filth and ignorance in which the islanders lived. Within a week, "each stepping where a comrade fell," she was replaced by another nurse, who was taken ill on the very day of her arrival. The one who replaced her was another who had already had the fever, and she remained immune. A week afterwards two more volunteers arrived—young nurses just out of their apprenticeship—of whom one took the fever, and a short time afterwards three others came. Only five out of the eleven who went of these heroic girls escaped the fever themselves; but so excellent was the nursing which one after another of them gave that out of seventy cases which occurred on the island during the epidemic only two died. The recognition which the nurses have now received was chiefly due to the interest taken in their work by the Countess of Arran, who in a personal letter to the Princess of Wales brought the brave record under royal notice. As Lord Justice Fitzgibbon said, "The nurses had never made a complaint in doing that for which they were about to be rewarded, and had no hope or expectation at the time of fulfilling their duty that anything more would be heard of the matter."

A curious topic for speculation, and probably a very unprofitable one, so uncertain is the course of events, is what influence the development of China will have upon

human affairs in the course of the next two or three centuries. That terribly crowded population has been shut away from civilisation hitherto by the will of its own rulers; and the vast efforts which are now being made by our own and other countries to force an entrance into it appear to be generally supposed to tend to the advantage of the more civilised lands; but surely it is doubtful whether that will be the ultimate result. However, it is tolerably certain that all the barriers are coming down, since not only are the European nations forcing their way in, but the obstruction and objections of the Chinese themselves are giving way. Two notable, though individual, illustrations of this are to hand. The wife of the present Chinese Ambassador is being formally prepared to enter London society next year. She is learning English and studying the etiquette and customs of this country with the avowed object of attending a Drawing-Room next season and mingling in society as the wives of the representatives of other foreign Courts

commonly do. Then a Chinese young lady who has been to America and studied medicine there has not only been nominated physician to the household of our some-time visitor, Li-Hung-Chang, but has also been already officially appointed to represent China at the International Congress of Women which is to be held in London in June 1899.

Excited discussions are filling the American newspapers as to the conduct of the late war, not so much from the military side as in regard to general organisation, and among the matters most arousing criticism is the refusal of the Surgeon-General to have trained women nurses go with the army in Cuba, or to allow the Red Cross organisation, under the headship of Miss Clara Barton, to attend to the wounded until the great contrast between the comfort and the good order of the hospitals established by Miss Barton, in which the wounded prisoners were being nursed, with those in which the American wounded were being neglected, forced itself so strongly upon the officers that they insisted upon Miss Barton's ministrations being extended to her own people. The Surgeon-General still maintains that with an army in the field women nurses are only "encumbrances." A formal appointment as army surgeon has been given to a lady doctor named Anita Newcombe McGee. She has been selected for her army appointment because she is the vice-president of a most influential society called "The Daughters of the American Revolution." As the Government has decided to employ the nurses organised by this society, the doctor has been given an official position.

PILOMENA.



PLAIN AND ELABORATELY BRAIDED CLOTH GOWNS.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will dated March 1, 1893, with three codicils (dated Oct. 13, 1891, Nov. 10, 1897, and Jan. 2, 1898), of Major-General John Julius Johnstone, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, late of 1, York Terrace, Regent's Park, who died on June 3, was proved on Aug. 21 by General Edward Henry Clive, Colonel the Hon. Frederick William Stopford, and Augustus Frederick Coe, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £102,741. The testator bequeaths a three-quarter seated portrait of lady and child, and a circular sketch head of Lady Hamilton, both by George Romney, and two portrait heads of young men in powder, believed to be by Sir William Beechey, to the National Gallery; £5000 each to St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington), the Royal Sea-Bathing Infirmary (Margate), the Charity Organisation Society, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; £6000 to Rowland James Percy Anderson; and other legacies. The residue of his property he gives to the said Hon. Frederick William Stopford.

The will and codicil (both dated Dec. 12, 1891) of the Hon. Robert Dimsdale, D.L., J.P., M.P., Hertford, 1866-74,

and North Herts 1885-92, a Baron of the Russian Empire, of Essendon Place, Hatfield, Herts, who died on May 2, were proved on Aug. 27 by the Hon. Charles Robert Southwell Dimsdale, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £30,973. The testator leaves all his family and Russian portraits at Essendon Place, all the plate at the same place, with the Dimsdale crest, the silver

centrepiece presented to him by the town of Hertford, three gold snuff boxes (one set with diamonds), and the Russian china presented to the first Baron Dimsdale by the Empress Catherine of Russia, all miniatures, including that of the first Baron Dimsdale, set with diamonds, and King Charles I. came, to be deemed heirlooms, to go with the mansion-house, Essendon Place; and he makes up the portions of his younger children, with what they will receive under his marriage settlements, to £7000 each. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his eldest son, Charles Robert Southwell Dimsdale.

The will (dated July 9, 1886), with two codicils (dated Oct. 24 and Nov. 23, 1893), of Mr. James Kershaw, for many years connected with the firm of Messrs. Dent, Allcroft, and Co., of Charterhouse Square, who died on May 7, was proved on Aug. 19 by Edward Thomas Jones and George Christopher MacLae, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £20,427. The testator gives legacies to his trustees, and the residue of his property, upon trust, for his two daughters, Alice Mary Gurner and Agnes Florence Kershaw, in equal proportions.

The will (dated Sept. 24, 1887) of Mr. William Haworth, formerly of Calcutta, and late of 60, Addison Road, Kensington, who died on July 12, was proved on Aug. 30 by William Haworth Cogswell, the nephew, Arnold William Whittell Holt, and Herbert James Whittell Holt, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £18,188. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Harriette Matilda Haworth, for life, then for his daughter, Mrs. Alice Jacob, for life, and then for her children or remoter issue, as she shall by deed or will appoint.

The will (dated Sept. 4, 1897) of Mr. Thomas Ruffle Paris, formerly of 116, Haverstock Hill, Hampstead, and late of 48, Huskisson Street, Liverpool, who died on July 23, was proved on Aug. 19 by Miss Florence Amelia Paris, the niece and sole executrix, the value of the estate amounting to £11,210. Subject to the payment of a few legacies, the testator leaves all his property to his said niece absolutely.

The will and codicil of Mr. Arthur Harbottle Estcourt, Deputy-Governor of the Isle of Wight, who died on May 21, was proved on Aug. 21 by the Rev. Canon Edmund Walter Estcourt and Russell Cooke, two of the executors, the gross value of the estate being £12,365, and the net personal £2622.

The will and six codicils of Mrs. Frances Augusta Caroline Whalley, of Castle House, Speen Hill, Newbury, Berks, who died on May 19, were proved on Aug. 25 by Laurence Travell Whalley, the nephew, Savage French, and Miss Frances Ellen Crofton, the executors, the gross value of the estate amounting to £7658, and the net personal to £6394.

The will of Mr. George Frederick White, of Glenwood, 7, Longton Avenue, Upper Sydenham, who died on June 5, was proved on Aug. 23 by Alfred James White, the son, and Miss Florence Amy White, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £5491, and the net personal £2062.

## MUSIC.

The sincerest good wishes of everybody must go with Mr. Osmond Carr and his new schemes for the reconstruction of the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

In England, singularly poor as our country is in the musical encouragement of any art, the production of opera always has to depend upon the energy and practical business talents of private individuals. Moreover, the details which decide whether a profit or a loss shall be written under any account seem to be so small and of such apparently trifling proportions in this kind of undertaking that they require the minutest attention if any kind of prosperity is desired. Admit the smallest carelessness in this respect, and a reasonable balance will quickly be transformed into a ruinous loss.

It is allowed on all hands that the late Carl Rosa was in every respect a most efficient manager in regard to these points. Because he made the whole business a personal matter and looked into everything—the money affairs, the efficiency of his company, and the gradual infusion of new blood among its members—his work was eminently successful. The moment his fingers were unclasped from the helm, and the world of directors admitted, it was felt that the lack of his personal supervision meant more than anybody could previously have dreamed. Well, let us hope that the Carl Rosa Company has now seen the worst of its days, and that Mr. Carr's £6000 will, under his shrewd and energetic management, prove to have been profitably expended.

Dr. Carr's appointment of Mr. Hamish MacCunn to the post of leading conductor to the company is in every



A CHALLENGE CUP FOR NEW ZEALAND.

This solid silver challenge cup has just been presented to the Canterbury (N.Z.) Jockey Club by Mr. G. G. Stead, a gentleman well known in the racing world. The trophy, which will be known as the "New Zealand Cup," is of unique design, richly and appropriately chased. It was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of Cheapside and Regent Street.



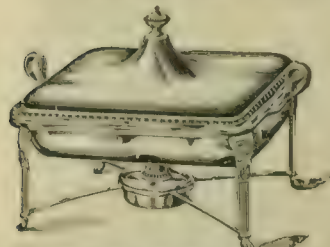
A CRICKET CHALLENGE SHIELD.

In order to encourage this healthy sport in Scotland, the proprietors of the Dundee Evening Telegraph have decided to present a challenge shield, illustrated above, to be competed for by the "Dundee and District Cricket Union." The order was entrusted to Messrs. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill. The shield is of silver in the usual lozenge shape, and represents a cricket-field with a match in progress, surrounded by a decoration of thistles. The upper part of the shield bears the following inscription: "Dundee and District Cricket Union Championship Challenge Shield, presented by the proprietors of the Dundee Evening Telegraph, 1898."

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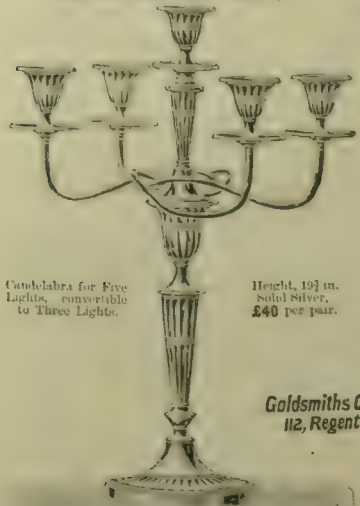
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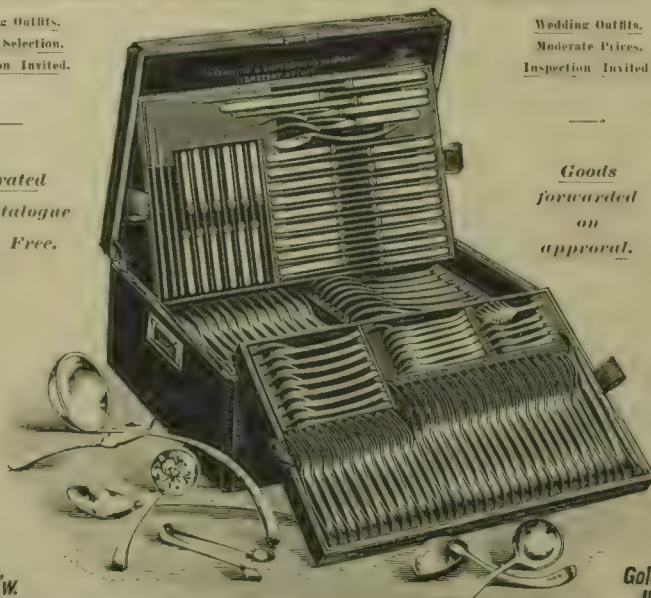
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# HUMAN NOBLENES!

'Every Noble Crown is, and on earth will for ever be, A CROWN OF THORNS.'—T. Carlyle.



PLATO meditating on Immortality before SOCRATES, the BUTTERFLY, SKULL, and POPPY about 400 B.C.

courtesies of war—he spares the woman and the child; but Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. She spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity; for some awful but most good reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child, with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Ah! would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of PREVENTABLE AGONY of MIND and BODY—which exists in England year after year.'—Kingsley.

## CONQUEST!! EMPIRE!!! THE GREATEST OF ALL EARTHLY POSSESSIONS.

'HEALTH is the GREATEST of all POSSESSIONS; and 'tis a maxim with me that a HALE COBBLER is a BETTER MAN than a SICK KING.'—Tucker-staff

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'THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF THIS LIFE'—GOOD FOOD. How to assimilate or enjoy good food, that would otherwise cause BILIOUS HEADACHE, DISORDERED STOMACH, &c., &c., use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Being a genuine product of nature, it is a true or natural way of preserving and restoring health. It removes effete matter or poison from the blood by NATURAL MEANS, thus preventing and throwing off fevers, boils, and other morbid conditions of the blood. On that account YOU CANNOT OVERSTATE its GREAT VALUE in KEEPING the BLOOD PURE and FREE from DISEASE. Without such a simple precaution the JEOPARDY OF LIFE is IMMENSELY INCREASED.

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## WAR!

O world! O men!

What are ye, and our best designs,

That we must work by crime to punish crime,

And slay as if death had but this one gate?—Byron.

'In Life's Play the Player of the Other Side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always Fair, Just, and Patient, but we also know to Our Cost that he never overlooks a mistake. It's for you to find out WHY YOUR EARS ARE BOXED.'—Huxley.

## DESTINY, or to Live for this Day ONLY.

THE COST OF WAR.—'GIVE ME THE MONEY that has been SPENT in WAR and I will PURCHASE EVERY FOOT OF LAND upon the Globe; I WILL CLOTHE every MAN, WOMAN, and CHILD in an attire of which KINGS and QUEENS would be proud; I WILL BUILD a SCHOOL-HOUSE on EVERY HILL-SIDE and in every valley over the whole earth; I WILL BUILD an ACADEMY in EVERY TOWN, and endow it, a college in every state, and will fill it with able professors; I WILL CROWN every hill with a PLACE OF WORSHIP consecrated to the promulgation of the GOSPEL OF PEACE; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference, and the VOICE OF PRAYER and the SONG OF PRAISE should ascend like a UNIVERSAL HOLOCAUST to HEAVEN.'—Richard.

Why All this Toil and Strife? There is Room enough for All.

WHAT IS TEN THOUSAND TIMES

## MORE TERRIBLE THAN REVOLUTION OR WAR?

'I WILL TELL YOU WHAT IS TEN TIMES and TEN THOUSAND TIMES MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR—OUTRAGED NATURE!!! SHE KILLS AND KILLS, and is NEVER TIRED OF KILLING TILL SHE HAS TAUGHT MAN THE TERRIBLE LESSON HE IS SO SLOW TO LEARN, THAT NATURE IS ONLY CONQUERED BY OBEYING HER. . . . Man has his

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YEAR BY YEAR INCREASING DEMAND



respect satisfactory. Mr. MacCunn is, in the first place, a young musician of really considerable accomplishment, who made a reputation for himself at an age before most young men have taken their degree by his clever overture, "Land of the Mountain and Flood," which was played for the first time, if we remember aright, at the Crystal Palace. Since then he has worked hard and successfully. Perhaps, in a less important way, some of his best work was to be seen in a "Cycle of Love Songs," which was published about nine years ago in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. He has since written operas, of which "Diarmid"—libretto by the Marquis de Lorne—was given last year at Covent Garden by the Carl Rosa Company. And it is said that he is collaborating at the present moment with the same noble librettist in the production of another opera.

The production of the Munich "Don Giovanni" a few days ago (writes a correspondent from Munich) was emphatically a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. In the right presentation of this music-drama an enormous amount depends upon the mounting, for Mozart's conception of Da Ponte's story was quick and continuous, and to break it by anything like long waits or wanton suspensions while the scenery is being changed is to let so much interest run out of it, like wine from a barrel with the tap turned on. It is this policy which at Covent Garden often makes even this masterpiece seem afflicted with tedium and the power of making weary. After all, however much we may despise our Da Ponte, who is the more, perhaps, to be despised because he didn't treat Mozart according to his deserts, Da Ponte was nevertheless the librettist of "Don Giovanni," and wrote the story with which Mozart flew to the highest heaven of music.

Munich, then, has done its best by Da Ponte. On the delicious little stage of the Residenz Theatre the story is told with a rapidity, a coherence, and a brilliance that could not be surpassed. In doing so the Munich management also does the highest honour to Mozart, for it is shown how amazingly and with what certainty of purpose this great creator of music-drama treated his libretto. The result was almost perfect. For once the exquisite

music that transforms the story of the Don into the golden regions of romance ran along with wonderful significance and beauty of interpretation. Herr Richard Strauss, who has literally scarce a rival in the directing of Mozart's music, conducted; the singing was exceedingly good without being of the very tip-top order; the acting was capital; and, in a word, everything combined to bring about an exciting and splendid performance of one of the greatest operas in the world.

Munich has also mounted in the past week "Tannhäuser," and without any conspicuously meritorious results. This is perhaps one of the least interesting things they do in Germany, partly on account of the universal familiarity with the work, partly because the German method of singing is less suited to Wagner's most vocal opera than to any other of that master's compositions. Madame Ternina was a capital Elizabeth, however, and Herr Vogl's Tannhäuser had the inevitable distinction which cannot be separated from all this artist does upon the stage.

The rumours and reports that have everywhere been circulated with regard to the construction of a Wagner Theatre may or may not come to anything definite. We sincerely trust that they will; but meantime it cannot be disputed that London is terribly handicapped, so far as the production of operatic music is concerned. The Covent Garden season, of course, is there; but those who care for that season most are generally just the ones who care for music least. It is not worth while going over the ancient grounds of fashion—subscribers, an old and battered stage, and all the rest of the tale—in proof. It is perhaps, on the other hand, a marvel that so much is done at Covent Garden in the face of all these facts; and that point tells, of course, largely in favour of the recent management. But though to do heroic things in the face of tremendous obstacles is a great thing, it is better that there should be no obstacles at all to do the heroic things in the face of; and the idea of building a Wagner Theatre has for its central theory the sweeping away of all these previous drawbacks and the starting with a clean sheet.

At the same time we devoutly trust, in common with a

kindly correspondent who has written to express his sympathy with certain paragraphs on the subject which have already been published in these columns, that the name Wagner Theatre will not imply a narrow devotion to the works of Wagner and to his works alone. That would be a thousand pities, for although in the long run it would be absolutely necessary, no matter what the original intentions of the founders, to introduce the operas of other great composers, it would be wise to begin with a broad and comprehensive plan of campaign. Wagner at first night, of course, take the lion's share of the programme. But it would be a fine thing to think that such a theatre represented not only Wagner at his best, but also such masters as Gluck, Mozart—may one even say Handel?—and Berlioz at their best in operatic work. This may all seem premature, but it is well (as we have said) to begin all undertakings with a sound and true policy ahead.

Visitors to Holland for the recent celebrations have been specially favoured by the Royal Mail Route via Harwich and the Hook of Holland. By the improved service, inaugurated this year in connection with carrying English mails, passengers leaving Liverpool Street Station at 8.30 p.m. arrive at Rotterdam, The Hague, Leyden, Haarlem, Amsterdam, and other chief Dutch towns, considerably earlier than by any other route. Continental travellers will find a wonderfully convenient service by the Zealand Steamship Company's Royal Mail route via Queenborough and Flushing. The large fast steamers of the company sail twice daily, the actual sea-passage occupying only two hours and three-quarters by the new twenty-one knots night-steamers. Through tickets may be booked and baggage may be registered at Victoria, Holborn Viaduct, St. Paul's, and Herne Hill to the principal stations on the Continent and *vice versa*. An excellent through connection between Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Queenborough is effected by way of Willesden, without touching London.

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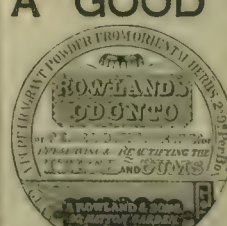
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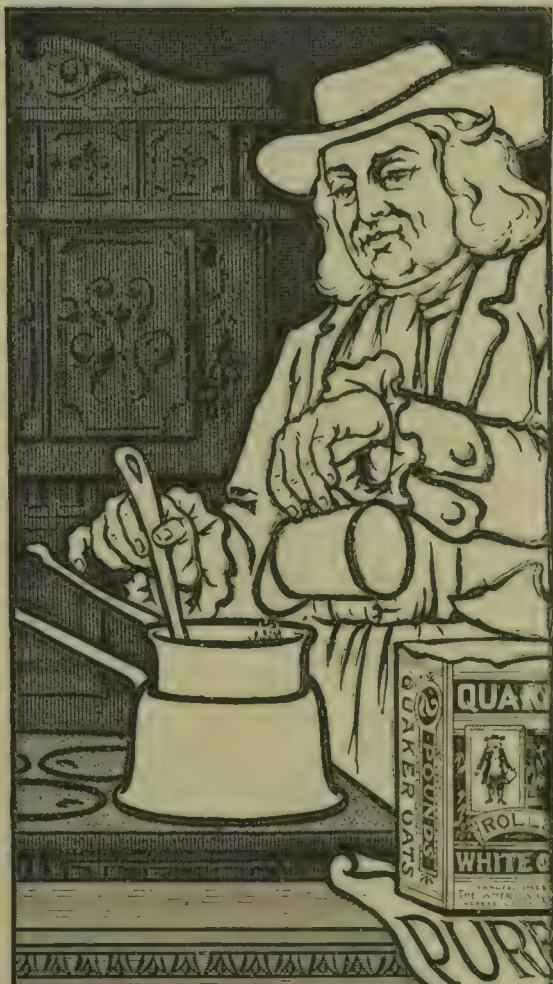
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## WHERE THE KINGFISHER FEEDS.

BY A SON OF THE MARSHES.

The sun has not yet shown itself through the thick white mists that hang over the river and the water-meadows. Moorhens are out and about cluck-cluck-clucking, but these do not concern us just now. One of our objects is to watch a good trout, a four-pounder at the very least, feeding in the centre of the sluice-gates pool; another is to watch the kingfishers and the yellow-wagtails feeding. What we have to do first is simply to lean on the sluice-rails and to wait for the sun to pierce through the mists and fall on the mill-pool.

The mist-clouds leave the meadows, float over the river, and rise over the trees that fringe the high bank, and the sun shines out bright and warm. The great alders and the grass beneath them sparkle like diamonds as the light falls on the dewdrops that cover all. There is just enough fresh water—for rains have fallen—passing over the top sluices to cause a nice run down the centre of the pool, and it is exactly the right tone of colour from a fishing point of view. The pool is alive with spirit, the young fish of the season, not one of them the size of a minnow. Not a dead leaf or a bit of broken sedge floats down without their inspecting it, hundreds of them at once, turning it over and poking it about until at last they finish up by leaping out of the water over it. Why those shoals of tiny creatures should

have left the shallow streams where they had hatched out, for that pool of sunlit water, ten, and in some parts of it thirteen feet in depth, is best known to themselves. One thing we are quite certain about: they are, for some definite purpose, in the right place. A large trout is a most fastidious creature, and he can afford to be so. Trout in some parts of this river are not often seen, but when they are they are sure to be large ones. As we look down on the water a sudden roll-up at the tail of the pool tells us that something is moving. Roll after roll follows in quick time; then we can see one feeding in the most business-like manner; there is not the least hurry about it, for the fine fellow simply fills himself to the gullet with these delicious youngsters and then lazily swims back to his hover in order to digest them. Some of our angling readers may think that a fish like this would be worth taking some trouble over to grass him; but it would be labour in vain. Spin with a minnow, roll down a couple of the brightest of red worms in front of his nose, try him with the tip-end of a silver-eel's tail, and, as a last hope, cast a large light moth over him at night—one made from the barn-owl's wings—and after all you will not get him. He has been feeding on the spawn before the little atoms were hatched, and on these directly they saw the light, and their numbers are legion. When they moved to deeper water he moved with them. Directly they cease to be tender whitebait that great spotted beauty will go back to his old hover down stream. For real perversity, downright cussedness, nothing that I am acquainted with can equal a big fish.

One lake or mere that I frequently visit holds large pike, trout, perch, and roach, but it is very rarely that any large fish are caught with rod-and-line. They are very often fished for by competent anglers, but the result is not satisfactory. Local tradition, handed down from father to son, states that "most menjous woppers, what no livin' feller hev ketch'd a sight on, are in the 'ere water." There is much truth in rustic traditions, and this I proved with regard to that particular piece of water. I was called up early one morning, after coming home tired from a long tramp over the hills the night before, to look at a pike three feet seven inches in length, that had been got out of the water, where he was floundering about, half-choked, with a coot in his gullet. Larger fish than the one mentioned frequent that water. In fact, there is one deep place one would not care to swim over. The kingfishers intend to have their share: one comes shooting down the river and settles on the lower alder-boughs that overhang the water, where, brilliant as the bird's plumage is, you can barely distinguish him. Here you can see him dip repeatedly for his fish, flicking jets of spray up until at last he is full of them and sits with his bright breast fair in the light, his stout bill half-buried in the feathers, in order to digest his meal. As the rays of the sun leave the centre of the pool and play on one side of it the shoals of small fish follow to the very edge of the water. Here we have a most interesting sight, for a family of yellow-breasted wagtails, the two old birds with their brood, are fishing, or going through some very elegant movements which appear to answer their purpose completely: running

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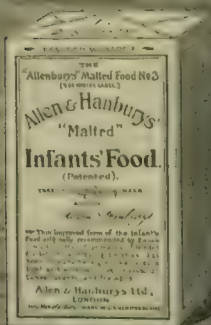
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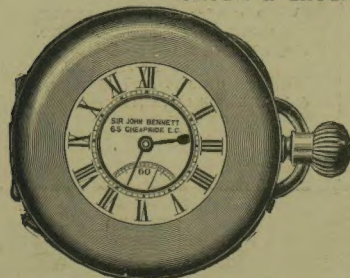
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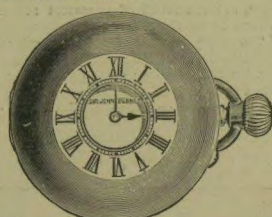


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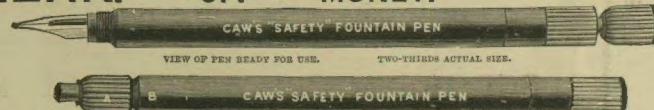
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into the water a little way, making their very small captures in the most adroit manner, then hovering over the water, bobbing and dipping all to no purpose; again, for a time they range the edge, where they make sure work of it. All the wagtails can and do move with great speed, but the species we have noticed is one that if once seen at work will be remembered.

Lord Brassey, Governor of the colony of Victoria, has left England for Australia, after being entertained at Liverpool with a farewell dinner given by the members of the Navy League.

An interesting experiment in hotel management is being made at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, owned by the Midland Railway Company. The hotel has been long

famous for its mid-day table d'hôte luncheon at a popular price, and a table d'hôte dinner from 6.30 to 8.30, served at small tables, has now been introduced. A great feature is high-class music, and at the inaugural dinner on Saturday, when about sixty professional and commercial gentlemen were present, the Liverpool Cathedral Concert Party was in attendance, with a select body of Spanish mandoline-players. The dining-room has been artistically decorated by Messrs. Gillow and Co., and all the appointments are in harmony with the artistic surroundings and with the high reputation of the hotel under its present management.

The Welsh collieries strike, which has continued five months, ended last week at a conference of the opposite sides, held on Thursday at Cardiff, and a meeting of delegates there on Saturday, in an arrangement to renew the sliding-scale of wages, for four years, with an advance

of 5 per cent., but allowing the men to withdraw at six months' notice if wages should be reduced, on the sliding-scale, to less than 12½ per cent. over the standard of 1879. The monthly holiday, called "Mabon's Day," is to be given up.

A report of the Commissioners and Directors of Convict Prisons shows a remarkable diminution, compared with forty years ago, in the number of persons sentenced to penal servitude for serious crimes, and a still more remarkably decreased proportion fit for hard labour. It is considered that in future the construction of such public works as those at Portland and Chatham by convict labour cannot be undertaken on Government account. There is a large increase of the number of imprisonments for small offences, and in default of the payment of fines, under summary jurisdiction.

## DEATH.

On Aug. 31, at Rosedale, Howden Road, South Norwood, of pneumonia, after a short illness, Warren, second son of Joseph Lyle, of Eversden, South Norwood Park, S.E., aged thirty-six.

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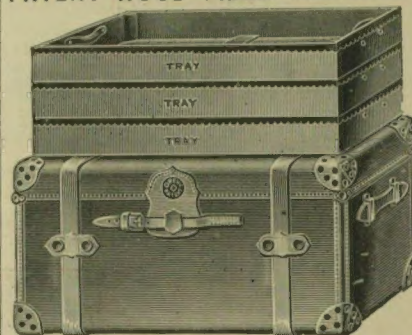
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